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# THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.

Photo, Underwood and Underwood.

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# THE LAST FEW DAYS.

## NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The Cabinet have decided to recommend the King to dissolve Parliament on January 8.

The Privy Council at which the royal proclamation is to be signed will probably be held early in the afternoon of the 8th, and the writs will be issued forthwith.

In all probability the writs for the metropolitan constituencies will be received on the same day, and in that case the nominations will take place on or before January 12, and the polling within three clear days of the nominations.

It is not likely that the writs for the provincial constituencies will be received until the 9th. In that event the earliest pollings in the boroughs will be on the 13th, and the latest on the 18th, while in counties the earliest pollings will take place on the 17th, and the latest on the 27th, except in the case of Orkney and Shetland, for which there is a special time allowance.

The writs for the metropolitan divisions are delivered by hand to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex by the pursuivant or messenger of the Great Seal.

In all other cases the writs are sent by post. They are handed to the Postmaster-General or his deputy, who gives a formal receipt for them, and has them forwarded immediately to the various returning officers under the special care of the local postmasters, whose receipts and certificates are forwarded to the Postmaster-General

Among the most notable features of the general election will be the exceedingly small number of uncontested seats, and the large number of three-cornered fights.

The number of three-cornered fights threatened so far is thirty-nine—six in London, twenty-two in English provincial boroughs, two in English county constituencies, and nine in Scotland.

Nearly one hundred Labour candidates are in the field, and the majority are standing for English boroughs.

In England, Wales, and Scotland, the seats for which only one candidate is yet available number only thirty-nine. In no fewer than thirty-six of these constituencies the candidate is a Liberal; the remaining three are Unionists.

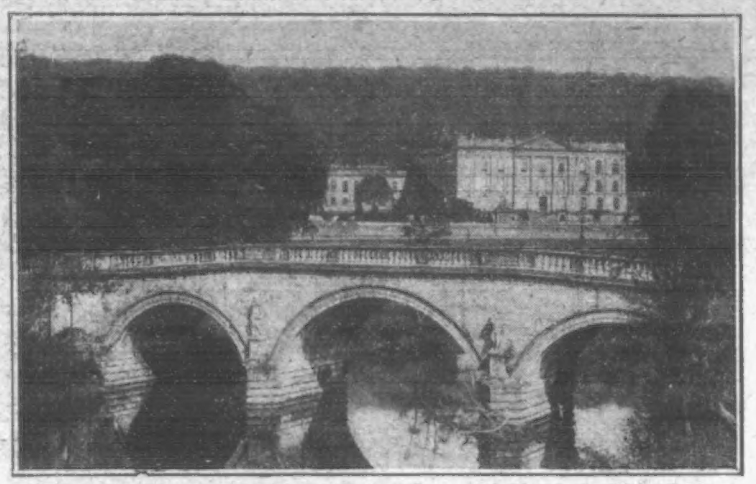
A very considerable change in the personnel of the new House of Commons is inevitable owing to the large proportion of present members who are not seeking re-election and the great number of candidates who have not sat in the House before.

### Hunt Balls and Election.

Colonel Haig, the principal agent of the Conservative party, asks the newspapers to state that hunt balls, which are usually held during January, would much interfere with the work of the election in the county constituencies, both as regards canvassing and speaking.

Colonel Haig adds: "It is to be hoped that the promoters will see their way to postpone the festivities until after the election.

"When the ball is likely to be held near the polling day the loan of conveyances would be seriously affected, and the result to the Unionist candidate might be disastrous."



*Photo, Frith.*

CHATSWORTH HOUSE: The seat of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whom the King will visit on New Year's Day.

### An Election that Cost £400,000.

Writing on the costs of elections, Mr. H. W. Lucy, in the *Chronicle*, mentions the famous "Spendthrift Election," fought in Northampton in 1768. It was a three-cornered duel, Lord Northampton, Lord Spencer, and Lord Halifax each backing his man. Their ancestral homes, Horton, Castle Ashby, and Althorpe, were thrown open to the mob. For fourteen days the polling booths were open, the free and independent electors and their friends meanwhile feasting their full. In these circumstances it was quite a moderate result that out of a register of 930 electors 1,218 votes were recorded. Lord Spencer's bill of costs mounted up to £100,000. Lords Halifax and Northampton spent between them £300,000.

### The Friendly Wind.

Men who had planned pleasant trips abroad for this Christmastide are trooping home to face a political campaign. There has not been a January general election since the days of William IV., and members had gone away comfortably expecting a quiet holiday. July is the favourite month for a general appeal to the country. Seven times within the last seventy years the election has fallen upon the dog days. June and July have been the favourite months for dissolutions, five and six Governments respectively having gone to pieces in those months. After these come April with three, January, March, September, November, and December with two each. There has not been a dissolution or election in May for more than a century. Meantime, effects of the impending election may be traced in curious ways. A tourist agency has knocked 25 per cent. off its charges for cruises to be undertaken just now—all on account of the election.

### £100,000 Gift to Workless.

A remarkable and notable experiment in home colonisation is about to be made by the Salvation Army The sum of £100,000 has been placed at its disposal by Mr. George Herring, one of the best-known philanthropists of the day, so that the experiment may be tried.

With the £100,000 some 300 to 350 men are to be helped to become peasant proprietors. Should the experiment prove successful, it is likely to be largely extended, until the whole face of the English countryside has been changed, and the cry of "Back to the land" becomes a reality.

The scheme has many remarkable features, not the least interesting of which is the effort to make it entirely self-supporting. The money is to be repaid by the holders of the land to the Salvation Army, who, in turn, will pay it in annual sums of £4,000 to the King's Hospital Fund.

ACTRESSES AS LETTER CARRIERS: The strike in St. Petersburg has played havoc with the postal arrangements, despite the work done by volunteers. Amongst the more interesting of those who proffered help were a number of ladies. Many Society ladies and actresses were among them. Of the latter Mlles. Makaroff, Yerkassa, Pavloff, Zenviahoff, were some of those who actually acted as letter-carriers, and delivered letters from door to door.

*Photo, Swaebe.*

CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE: A scene in the Islington Infirmary.

### Many Liberal Peerages to be Created.

We understand that the New Year honours list which the Prime Minister has submitted to the King will be one of the longest and most interesting in recent years.

Among those who are understood by the *Daily Express* to be signalled out for this high favour are the following:

Sir Arthur Hayter, Bart., M.P.
Serjeant Hemphill, K.C., M.P.
Sir James Joicey, Bart., M.P.
Sir Weetman Pearson, Bart, M.P.
Hon. Philip Stanhope, M.P.
Sir C. B. McLaren, Bart., M.P.
Sir Christopher Furness, Kt., M.P.
The Right Hon. Arthur Acland.
Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P.
Sir J. Blyth, Bart.

The following are expected to receive a step in the peerage:

Lord Brassey.
Lord Ribblesdale.
Lord Monkswell.

A number of journalists will also be honoured, including Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the famous cartoonist, and Mr. E. T. Cook, an able Liberal writer and critic.

### French Dramatic Invasion.

Mme. Réjane will open her season at the Royalty Theatre on January 4 with a performance of "La Souris."

During the first eight weeks of the season no fewer than 150 French actors and actresses will appear in some twenty-five plays. This is the most extensive repertory ever played by a French company in London since the visit of the Comédie Française to the old Gaiety Theatre in 1879.

### £89,000 for Birmingham.

Public institutions in Birmingham and district will benefit to the extent of £89,000 by the will of the late Mr. John Feeney, principal proprietor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*.

The bequests are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Birmingham Art Gallery | £50,000 |
| University of Birmingham | 20,000 |
| The General Hospital | 10,000 |
| The Queen's Hospital | 1,000 |
| The General Dispensary | 1,000 |
| The Eye Hospital | 1,000 |
| The Women's Hospital | 1,000 |
| The Children's Hospital | 1,000 |
| The Blind Asylum | 1,000 |
| The Middlemore Emigration Home | 1,000 |
| The Wolverhampton Infirmary | 1,000 |
| The Coventry Hospital | 1,000 |

All the bequests are given free of legacy duty, but payment cannot be claimed until the expiration of five years.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**WITH THE BUCKS AND BERKS STAGHOUNDS: The meet in the High Street at High Wycombe last week. Sir Robert Wilmott, Master of the Hounds, conversing with Colonel Atherstone.**

### His Early Days.

Touches of romance surround the appointment of Mr. Burns. He has just received a letter of congratulation from the directors of Price's Patent Candle Company (Ltd.), in whose service he worked as a boy. In thanking them, Mr. Burns says he feels deeply the kindly message of goodwill. "Price's was the first place in which I worked as a boy, and my interest in its prosperity and progress has ever been one of sympathy and regard."

### New Roof for Charing Cross.

A decision to reconstruct the roof of Charing Cross Station was made by the managing committee of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company at a special meeting. This will mean that the station will remain closed until February.

The meeting was held to receive the report of the consulting engineers, Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Wolfe Barry, and of their engineer, Mr. Tempest, and their recommendation as to the course to be pursued in order that the traffic may be resumed at the earliest possible moment.

The engineers recommend that the existing roof of the station be removed, and one of a modern type, at a lower level, be substituted. For the removal of the roof a stage will be necessary, and the engineers advise that, as a matter of precaution during the progress of this work, the feet of the principal supports should be united by steel hawsers.

It is estimated that these works will occupy about six or eight weeks, so that the managing committee look forward to the reopening of the station in February next. This new roof will facilitate any future widening of the station, for which purpose the existing roof would have had to be removed.

In a statement issued by the managing committee an assurance is given to passengers "that everything possible will be done to expedite the entire completion of the works, and they hope in the next few days to announce that arrangements have been made for the resumption of local traffic at Waterloo Junction Station.

"With reference to the cost of removing the old roof and erecting a new one, and of other expenditure consequent on the accident, the committee are unable at present to form any exact estimate, but they are satisfied that the expenditure will be inconsiderable as compared with the sums that have been publicly mentioned.

"At the next half-yearly meetings of the respective companies, full particulars will be given; in the meantime the committee are glad to be able to state that both companies have at their disposal reserve funds applicable to the contingency."

**The Deal Tragedy: The Fountain Hotel, where Percy John Murray is alleged to have murdered the landlord, Robert William Pearce.**

### Bear Escapes at Sea.

While the *Logic* was crossing from Belfast to Liverpool in a gale a wave broke in the cage of a large polar bear aboard. The animal came out for a promenade, climbed to the upper deck, and was lifted back by the waves.

The excited passengers and crew for some time gave him plenty of room. When his keeper afterwards went near him, assisted by some of the men, he showed fight, and it was feared that he would break the bulwarks, against which he rushed heavily. He was cornered at length and coaxed into his cage. Duke, the lion who killed two others at Belfast, was also on board the *Logic*.

### A Good Riddance.

In common with all who are interested in the genuine progress of the motor-car, we rejoice at the decision of the International Association of Automobile Clubs that there shall be no Gordon-Bennett race next year. Nor, we understand, in any future year. While the motor-car was still merely a new toy for a few rich men, the existence of such a competition was at any rate comprehensible. Its continuance now would be pointless and inexcusable. It is universally realised that the motor-car has a serious future before it, and that its development lies on the lines of reliability rather than of speed. But the fixture is not merely to be dropped; it is proposed to substitute for it a competition of a practical kind for touring cars. The international element, so valuable for purposes of comparison and improvement, will thus be preserved, but now, at last, it will be directed to its right and proper channel.

### Korea's Real Ruler.

The Marquis Ito has accepted the Governor-Generalship of Korea.

His powers will exceed those of the Viceroy of India, as he will be virtual ruler of the Hermit Kingdom.

Under the agreement signed with Japan, Korea will cease to have any foreign relations, except through Japan, and its internal affairs will be administered by the direction of the new Governor General and his staff.

The Emperor will be a mere figure-head—a spectator of the administration which will develop Korea on Western lines.

### The Bishop's Match.

Mr. Lloyd George has a fondness for stories, and—rare quality—he does not mind relating one when it tells against himself. For example: He was addressing a meeting at Flint, and his chairman said: "I haff to introduce to you the member for the Carnarvon Boroughs. He hass come here to reply to what the Bishop of St. Asaph said the other night about Welsh Disestablishment. In my opinion, gentlemen, the Bishop of St. Asaph is one of the biggest liars in creashon; but he hass his match in Mr. Lloyd George!"

### In Arctic Wilds.

An interesting story is told by the Rev. E. J. Peck, who has returned from Davis Straits, after a thirty years' sojourn there as a missionary. His earliest church was made of seal skins, but it had to be replaced by wood, as it was devoured by dogs. Once the usual relief ship was prevented by ice from reaching the settlement for ten months. Though only fifty miles off, the food might as well have been in Europe.

*Photo, Park*

**Mr. Herring's Gift of £100,000: Mr. Herring, General Booth, and Mr. Bramwell Booth leaving one of the Salvation Army homes.**

### A Dying Man's Sang-froid.

It was stated at the inquest at Nottingham on the young man whose legs were cut off on the line, but who, nevertheless, crawled some distance, that he sang a comic song and asked for a cigarette while being taken to the infirmary. He did not know that he had lost his feet, and complained that they felt cold.

This case is similar to that of the French girl reported last week.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**GRAND MILITARY AND POPULAR CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL: (1) A group of actresses in fancy costumes selling programmes. (2) Queen Alexandra arriving at the Albert Hall.**

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**AN ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS CHARITY: Mr. Gus Elen filling his motor-car with dolls, which he distributed to poor children on Clapham Common on Christmas Day.**

# AUTO-JOUSTING.

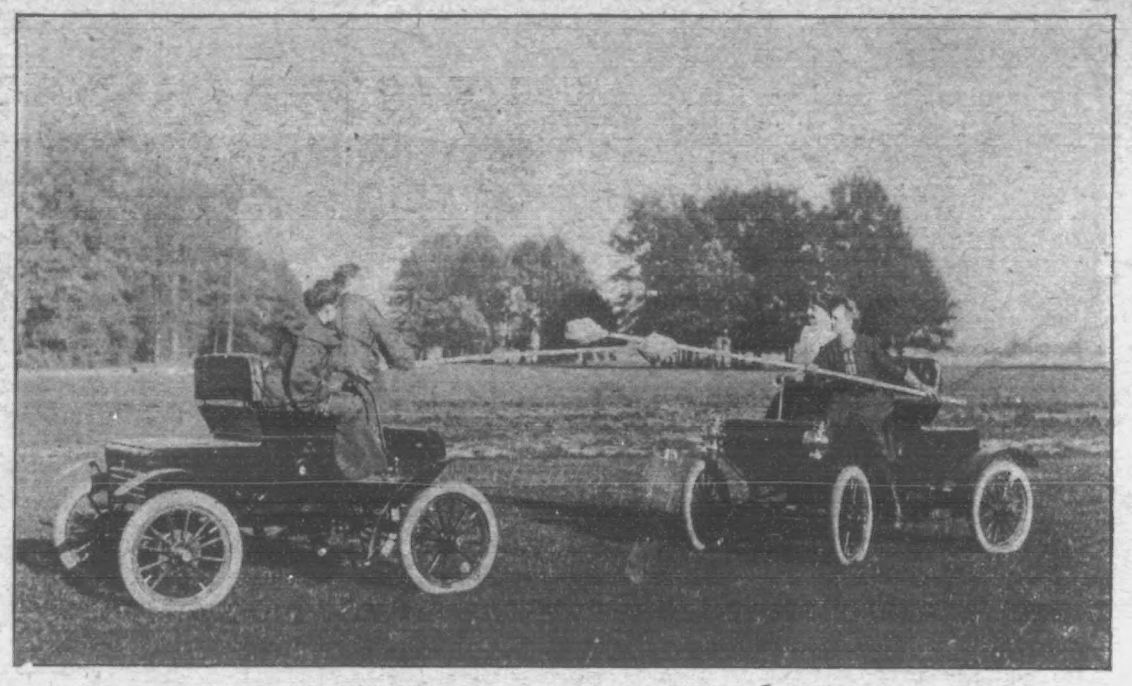
## *The Modern Form of Tournament.*

The most modern of sports is the lance tournament in automobiles, or, as it may be called, "auto-jousting." The machines used in the contests are high runabouts, these being more easily managed and less dangerous than the heavy machines built for high speed. The weapon used by the jousters is a light pole, twelve feet long, having at its tip a large, loose leather pad, containing a stiff spring. Two, four, or any number of automobiles may take part in a tournament, provided only that the sides are equal.

Generally, however, the matches take place between two machines only. In each machine are two girls, one being the chauffeuse, and the other the fighter. At a given signal the machines are started from opposite sides of the ground towards each other. If one of the tilters drives her lance full against the head or body of her opponent when the machines meet while proceeding in opposite directions, her antagonist is likely to be knocked clean out of the car. Sometimes a girl uses the lance as a club, bringing the end down with a thud on her opponent's head or body. If the two machines are brought to a standstill when within easy reach of each other, the struggle becomes amazingly fierce. The girls thrust with their lances, or swing them like broom-handles, till one receives a blow that discourages her from further combat.

The lance-bearers shown in the photographs are Miss Sheffield and Miss Maude Elton, the latter being a slim, light girl, and the former of heavy build. At the first charge, both lances hit their marks, Miss Sheffield, who was standing up, being thrown off her balance and obliged to jump to avoid falling from the motor-car. She got back into her automobile, but had hardly done so before Miss Elton, swinging her lance like a broom, struck her on the side of the head and knocked her to the ground. At last, while the cars were manœuvring about, Miss Sheffield's lance caught Miss Elton right under the chin, lifting her out of the machine and throwing her to the ground.

The automobile lance tournament requires a good deal of skill on the part of the chauffeuses in manœuvring their motor-cars, and on the part of the lance-bearers in using their weapons. If the fad continues, next year we may see the faces of the girls protected by masks and their bodies by thickly-padded suits like those now worn in single-stick combats.



AUTO-JOUSTING: Preliminaries of the battle.

## GREAT NAVY CHANGES.

Pronouncements of the utmost consequence to the Navy and the nation are made in a Blue-book, entitled "A Statement of Admiralty Policy," issued recently, giving an account of the progress that has been made in carrying out and developing the reforms undertaken during the past three years.

The most important of these pronouncements relates to the Admiralty policy with regard to shipbuilding, which is fully explained in a memorandum by Earl Cawdor. He says:

"At the present time strategic requirements necessitate an output of four large armoured ships annually, and unless unforeseen contingencies arise this number will not be exceeded. The period of building is two years, and therefore four ships will be laid down each year, and there will be eight ships in course of construction in any one year either in the dockyards or by contract.

It must be remembered that, however formidable foreign shipbuilding programmes may appear on paper, we can always overtake them in consequence of our resources and our power of rapid construction."

Earl Cawdor also announces that the economies effected by the reorganisation of the Fleet will allow the Admiralty to diminish the sum for which Parliament will be asked in the Naval Estimates for 1906-7 by a further £1,500,000 beyond the £3,500,000 reduction made last spring. This will reduce the total of the Estimates to £31,869,500.

The reduction is declared by the First Sea Lord to be consonant with the fighting efficiency of the Fleet and its instant readiness for war.

Another important decision announced by Earl Cawdor relates to the training of officers under the new system.

The broad aim of the new system was to enter in the same way sufficient officers to supply the needs of the executive, engineering, and Marine branches of the Navy, and to educate all these young officers for four and a half years in all the subjects connected with the three branches, so that when they went to sea as midshipmen they would be in a fit state to benefit by the practical experience there available.

"Each of these specialist officers will have special knowledge in one particular branch, but all will have a general knowledge of the duties of the other branches, and all will have the opportunities of fitting themselves for the position of captain of a ship, and hence of rising to the highest eminence in their profession."

Sir Archibald Douglas' Committee were also asked to report on the methods for providing warrant officers capable of taking charge of the stokehold and engine-room watches, so as to relieve the more highly-trained officers of the ship.

They recommended that in future the highly-trained engine-room artificer class should not be called upon to undertake ordinary watch-keeping duties, but should be enabled to devote all their time to their real calling of artificers, and that watch-keeping duties should be undertaken by men selected from the stoker ratings after a suitable course of instruction.

The Admiralty have adopted this policy, and the stoker ratings will in future be eligible for promotion to warrant officer rank for duty as engine-room watch-keepers.

Important changes affecting the pay of the men of the Fleet are to begin in October, 1906.

A provision allowance of 8½d. a day will be paid to warrant officers, seamen, and marines on ships' books who are away on leave beyond forty-eight hours. This privilege, or its equivalent, is already enjoyed by soldiers and marines on shore strength.

The system whereby the Admiralty withheld money as security against loss or desertion in cases where men made allotments of money from their wages to relatives at home is to be abolished.

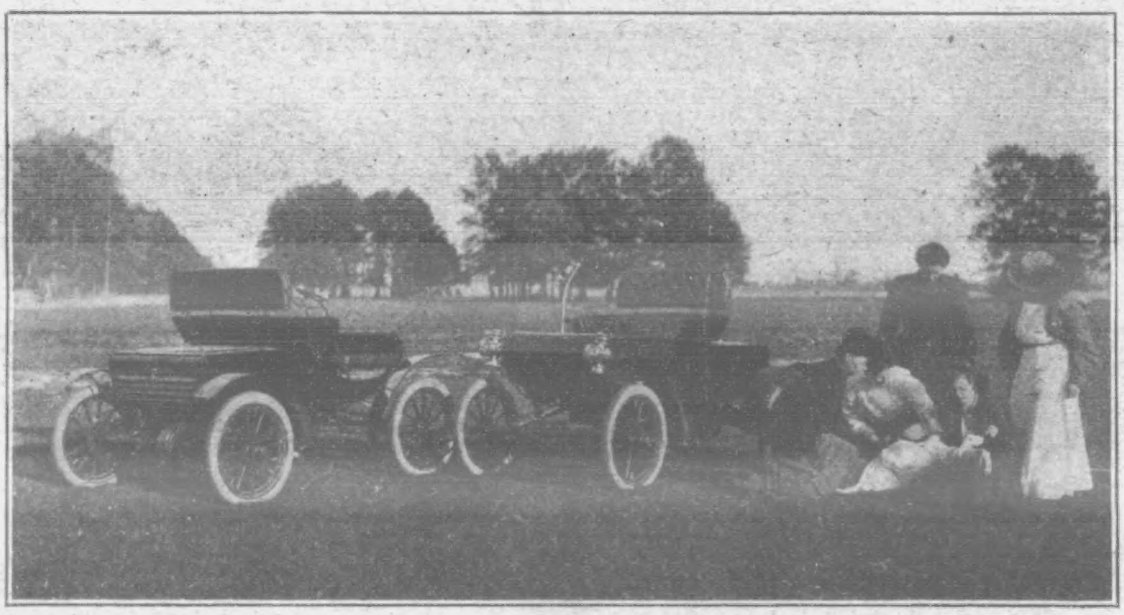
A warning is issued in connection with the redistribution of the Fleet, lest it might be thought "that the withdrawal of the small non-effective vessels and the grouping of fleets and squadrons at the strategic positions for war involved the loss of British prestige and of the 'showing of the flag' (as it was termed).

"The actual fact is that never before in naval history has there been a more universal display of sea power than during this year by this country."

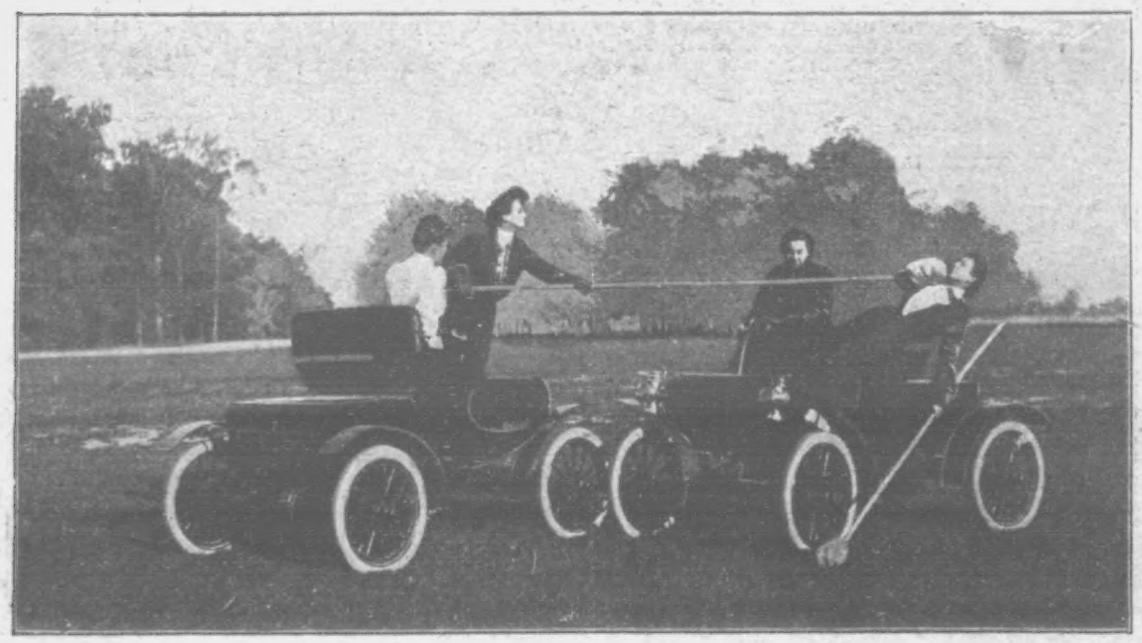
Grand manœuvres, it is announced, have been arranged for next June, when, in association with the putting to sea of every fighting vessel, large and small, intended to be used in war, an extended test will be made of the scheme elaborated for the protection of trade.

"The co-operation of the shipping interest," Earl Cawdor states, "is hoped for in elucidating this difficult problem."

An interesting item mentioned in the Blue-book is that it has been decided to abolish salt beef as an article of diet in the Navy.



AUTO-JOUSTING: Helping a fallen combatant.



AUTO-JOUSTING: Knocked out of the car by a blow on the chin.

### Tragedies of Christmas.

This was exemplified in an extraordinary manner at Aldershot on Christmas Day, forty-six years ago. The 24th Foot and the Tower Hamlets Militia were so well satisfied, each with their own fare, that they quarrelled as to which mess had the better dinner. Stupid argument developed into a fierce one, and the men fell to fighting with loaded rifles. Four of the militiamen were badly wounded, and a fifth killed beside his plate of Christmas pudding.

Wars, too, have had their origin in the Christmas season, and great battles have been fought upon the day. The foundation of the Crimean War was laid in Christmas week of 1852; the Canadian Rebellion had just got into full swing in that of 1837; Sir Harry Smith, whose wife was to give her name to a town destined to be famous in the late war, was besieged during the Christmas of 1850; and 1857 saw us involved in the horrors of the Indian Mutiny.

Another Christmas leading to misery was that of 1860, when South Carolina seceded from the United States, precipitating the most terrible civil war in history. The following Christmas saw Lancashire starving for cotton to feed her mills, for food to feed her population.

### For Those who Write.

The latest fountain pen on the market is the "Onoto." It has several improvements on the other styles, notably in being able to regulate the flow of ink, and thus varying the stroke of the pen to thick or thin as the writer desires. The price with self-filler is 16s. 6d., or without, 10s. 6d.; it can be obtained at all stationers.

*Photo, Knight.*

**Bandsman "Jimmy" Durham is the only Soudanese serving in the British Army. He was found a helpless babe after a battle and brought up by the Sergeant-Major. He is a great favourite in his regiment, the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, now stationed in Ireland.**

THE DISORDERS IN ST. PETERSBURG: A fine photograph of Cossacks parading the Nevsky Prospekt.

## Nicholas II., Emperor of all the Russias.

The man who, in the light of events now happening, seems almost certainly doomed to be the last of the Romanoff autocrats, if not the last of the Tsars, was born in May, 1868, and ascended the throne in 1904, says "T.A.T." (Tales and Talk).

As a young man he was described by those who knew him as a most amiable and scholarly Prince, of a very peaceful disposition, with liberal views. Later on, perhaps taught by bitter experience of courtiers and their ways, he became reticent and reserved, although he never developed the austerity of Alexander III.

In present-day appearance, as everybody knows, he is almost the exact double of our Prince of Wales. Of course, he speaks English perfectly, that having been the language of the Russian Court during his father's reign; and he holds a commission in our Army, the honorary colonelcy of the Scots Greys.

He also holds similar rank in the armies of the other Great Powers, and is practically never seen out of uniform by the public. At his beautiful palace home at Tsarskoe-selo, however, he dresses as an ordinary private gentleman, especially affecting, it is said, white flannel suits, topped by one of the so-called "Homburg hats," made popular by our own King.

The uneventfulness of his life here is in striking contrast to the stirring events that are daily being enacted a dozen or so miles away in St. Petersburg. He spends a considerable portion of his time walking in the palace grounds—which are of immense extent—and playing with his children. Reading and music also occupy much of his leisure, especially the latter. He plays well on most instruments, but is, like so many of his relations, a particularly good violinist.

It is said that he was engaged in playing upon this instrument when the news was brought him of the bloody butchery of Gapon's adherents, in front of the Winter Palace and elsewhere in St. Petersburg, on January 22nd last, and that he continued to play for some time afterwards, the melody, however, gradually changing to a melancholy, minor key. One wonders whether he remembered that other monarch, who, according to tradition, fiddled while his capital was burning; and whether, if so, he recalled his ultimate fate.

Very likely he did, for the parallel was fairly close; although, of course, Nicholas is no Nero. Probably he lacks the capacity to enact the part of the true tyrant, and it is almost certain that he lacks the will. Weak and vacillating he is, more than most monarchs, the slave of circumstances.

And now, even if he were strong, he could probably do but little. Things have gone too far. The long-talked-of revolution is, up to a certain point, an accomplished fact. Finland is free. The rest of Russia has its constitution. The situation is almost precisely that which prevailed in France during the earlier days of the Great Revolution of 1789. There, as in Russia to-day, an autocratic ruler and a corrupt bureaucracy were forced to concede to fear what they had denied to justice. With the result that they only succeeded in inflaming popular passion, and hastened their own downfall.

Will history repeat itself? Is the world about to witness another "Reign of Terror" in St. Petersburg directed by a Russian Robespierre?

Very possibly. Who shall say?

## Town of Heroes.

During the presentation at Gorleston of awards for bravery made by the Royal Humane Society last week, it was stated that the town bred heroes, no fewer than three medals having been granted by the society in a few months, while in William Adams, hero of Gorleston pier, they had a resident with the unique record of seventy-four lives saved.

## The Bohemian.

Once upon a time there lived an artist. He had lofty ideals in his brain and yellow stains on his fingernails. Besides, he lived on his relations. He went through three universities, and thence post-graduated to Paris, whither he travelled to absorb some atmosphere.

He returned a finished artist. He must have been good, for, when he entered a museum, he could tell at a glance where Raphael fell down, how bad Velasquez really was, where Murillo was weak, and why Rubens turned out so much poor stuff. It was he who discovered that the Brabizon School—he called it that himself—is not what it is said to be, and that Sir Joshua Reynolds—he hailed him as Josh—was poor on brushwork.

Meanwhile he lived in a hall-room and wore flowing neckties. His shoes were of varying patterns, and his clothes were stylish—in 1863. He slept most of the day and walked around all night. When one inquired wherefore, he announced proudly, "I am a Bohemian."

He ate sausages cooked over a candle in a plug hat, and slept under the carpet near the floor. He announced that all marriage contracts should contain a two weeks' clause, and that all property should be divided among everybody. He borrowed three dollars from anybody who would lend it to him; failing three, he borrowed two, or even—from a stingy friend—ten cents. He paid no one, and never incurred a laundry bill. When one would inquire wherefore, he announced proudly, "I am a Bohemian."

One day the artist "arrived."

An editor saw promise in his work and gave him a three years' contract at sixty dollars per week.

The next month he married and settled down. Before his contract expired he had two children, a savings-bank account, and three life-insurance policies. He goes to bed each night at nine, and his clothes are of the latest fashion. His meals are served to the minute, and he stickles abjectly for the influence of the Home.

MORAL: Bohemianism is only an excuse.—S. F. STERN in December *Smart Set*.

## Hard Work.

A ladies' committee, with the object of raising money for a charitable purpose, decided that all its members should earn five shillings each. On the money being paid, the women were asked, says the *Daily News*, to state what the work was that had brought in the five shillings. One had baked cakes, another had knitted socks, a third had painted a picture. "How did you earn your money?" was asked of one woman. "I got it from my husband," she replied. "Oh! that won't do; there was no hard work about that." The woman smiled a weary smile. "Oh! wasn't there? You don't know my husband!"

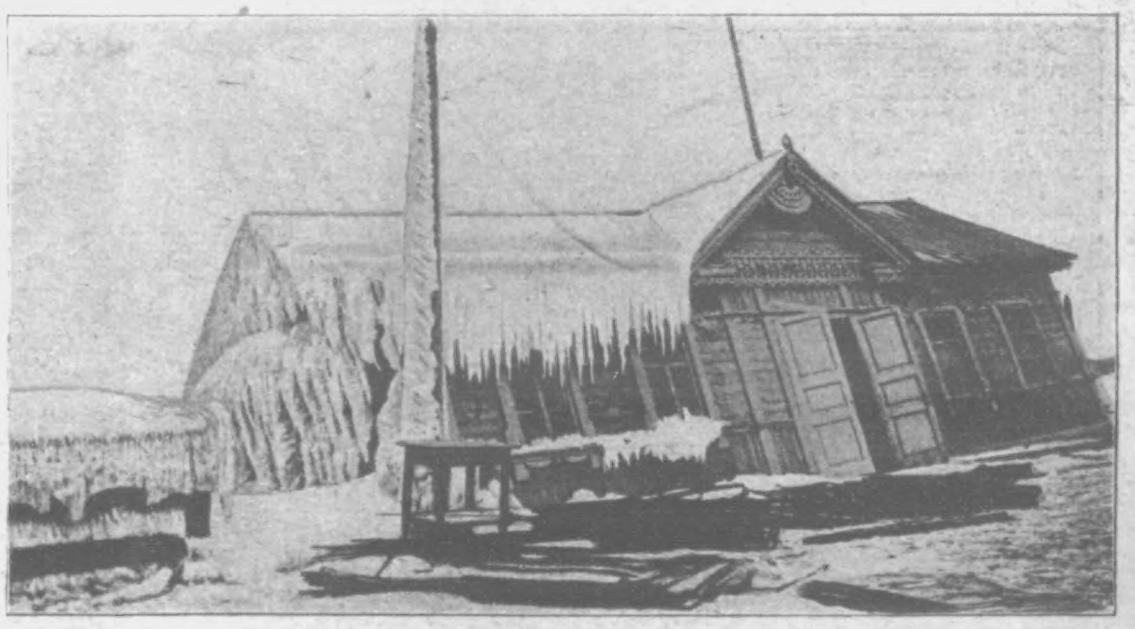
## Dying for a Living.

No one could accuse Herr Ludovic Barney, the famous German actor of villains, of not knowing how to die. His experience in this branch of the theatrical industry is in extent without parallel. That vice might fall in the end and virtue triumph, and the final curtain descend to the fair music of a gallery's hearty congratulations and best wishes, the German Abingdon is "alive to tell the tale" that he has performed no less than one thousand one hundred and twenty death scenes! According to his recently published memoirs, the classification table of his wholesale decease is as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Committed suicide | 314 | times. |
| Died of heart disease | 192 | ,, |
| Poisoned | 166 | ,, |
| Assassinated | 109 | ,, |
| Beaten to death | 86 | ,, |
| Stabbed | 61 | ,, |
| Died a natural death | 55 | ,, |
| Killed by lightning | 51 | ,, |
| Executed | 33 | ,, |
| Drowned | 22 | ,, |
| | 1,089 | |

This leaves thirty-one deaths still to be accounted for. No doubt, these resulted from being toppled over the cliffs "in pale moonlight" by the under villain who had not received his legal share of the "swag," and the mere thought of such descents has made the actor too giddy to record them. As a cheerful set-off against this awful total of fatality, Herr Barnay gives it out that he has been married 1,171 times, which leaves him as many as fifty-one wives who are not widows!

WHERE EXTREMES MEET: A street in Korea, with mud hovels and electric trams. The Emperor's Master of Horse in old world costume preceded by drummers in European uniforms.



HARBOUR BUILDINGS CRUSHED BY ICE: This interesting photograph shows the harbour buildings at Alexandrovsk, Saghalien, which already this winter have been literally crushed to earth by the enormous weight of the icicles which formed on the roofs of the building.

# THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

## FOOTBALL.

Within a few days the New Zealanders will have left England for Maoriland, and, despite their downfall in Wales, they will leave behind them a record which it is quite possible will stand for all time. For, though other tourists may come, see, and conquer, it is highly improbable that any team will set up such a series of startling victories as the present Colonial organisation did ere they had to submit to defeat by Wales. And that defeat—despite the fact that the better side won—was somewhat unlucky, for many Welshmen, as well as the New Zealanders themselves, have written to say that Dean's much-discussed try should not have been disallowed. But, after all, the referee's decision is the only one of value, and, to their credit be it said, that the Colonials have accepted that decision with the good spirit of thorough sportsmen.

As I have said, the New Zealanders' record is unique—nay, it is prodigious. To win twenty-seven matches right off the reel and score 801 points against 22 by opponents savours of the miraculous, especially when it is remembered that some of our high and mighty Rugby people considered the Colonials such a poor attraction that they refused to arrange matches with the visitors. But how they changed their attitude and mood, only to be snubbed in turn, is now a matter of history. But they have learned a lesson.

Still a greater lesson has been taught us by the New Zealanders—a lesson of the value of speed, combined with skill, "interchangeability" (if I may coin such a term) of players, and, above all, of condition. Welshmen train more assiduously than Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scots, and it was probably due to this—coupled with a slight falling off on the part of the Colonials owing to the stress of such a strenuous tour—that the "Taffies" made so fine a show against the "All Blacks." This was not confined to the international match, for when opposed to Glamorgan last week, the New Zealanders were somewhat fortunate to win by 3 tries to nil. Indeed, some critics go even farther, and say that they were lucky to win at all. Glamorgan, too, were very weakly represented, so that the visitors had nothing to be proud of, even though they won. The Welsh forwards played grandly.

It is definitely decided that the match between New Zealanders and All France will be played in Paris on New Year's Day. Great preparations are being made in the French capital, and it is expected that a record crowd will be present. Increase of price for admission will not deter Frenchmen, nor Frenchwomen either, from seeing the Colonials whose doings have been almost as well chronicled in the papers of France as in those of the United Kingdom. I heard from high authority, at the back-end of last week, that the New Zealanders will not be able to finish up their tour by playing a charity match at Olympia for the Queen's Fund in aid of the unemployed. This is unfortunate, for such a game would undoubtedly have brought much "grist to the mill."

As is customary at Christmas time there were many results not exactly in accordance with previous form. Surprises are always cropping up in football but at holiday time they are more than usually prominent, and we shall have to wait until after the middle of January (when the Cup ties will be decided) for a fair settlement of form again. Meanwhile I wish a Happy New Year to all *P.I.P.* readers.

## CRICKET.

Scarcely more enjoyable could have been the voyage of the M.C.C. team to South Africa, and they have been keeping up the "good time" at the expense of their opponents out there. Apparently the altered conditions have had but small effect upon the visitors, for whom Relf has come off splendidly in bowling, while Capt. Wynyard has helped himself freely to runs, and Ernie Hayes has hit with his accustomed "breeze." Our team should have a balance on the right side at the end of the tour.

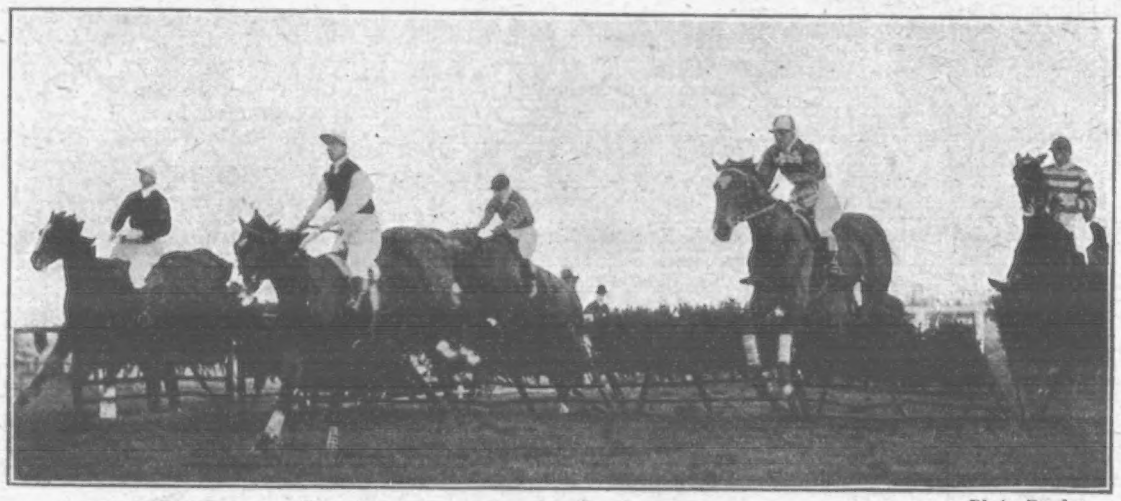
It has been decided by the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club to play three matches instead of two at Cheltenham next summer, so that the "Week" at that favourite centre will extend from August 13th to August 22nd. Kent, Sussex, and Worcestershire are the sides to be met, and, given fine weather, the "fare" provided will be fully appreciated.

## WRESTLING.

I wonder when, if ever, we shall see Georges Hackenschmidt and Ahmed Madrali meet again. The falling through of their match—which should have taken place yesterday (Friday) at Olympia—was most unfortunate, and it remains to be seen how severe was the accident that caused Hackenschmidt's business representative to "cry off." Arrangements are promised for another match, but meanwhile the collapse of the one promised for yesterday is most disappointing to the public, and also to the management of Olympia, in the vast arena of which the two world-famous wrestlers were to have met.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**HOCKEY MATCH IN AID OF THE UNEMPLOYED AT BRISTOL: United Bristol v. United Bath. Mayor starts the game.**

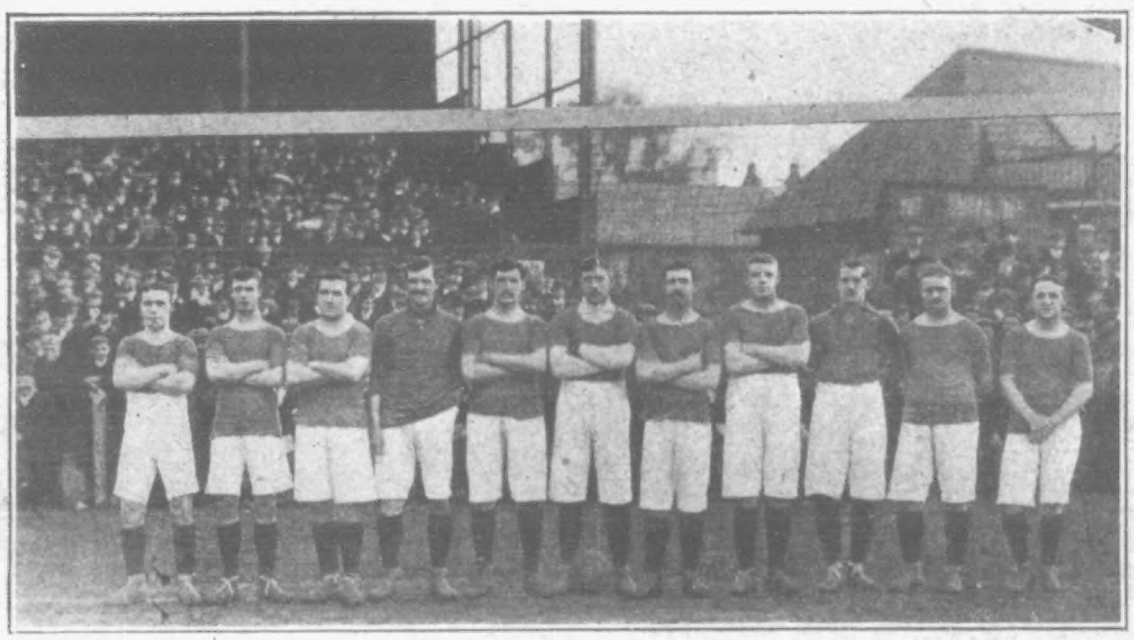


*Photo, Bowden.*

**WINDSOR STEEPLECHASES: Christmas Maiden Hurdle Race. Over the second hurdle.**

*Photo, Bowden.*

**HOCKEY: Surrey v. Essex at Surbiton last week. Surrey won by 8 goals to 1.**



*Photo, Barrett.*

**ONE OF THE LEADING TEAMS IN THE FIRST DIVISION: Birmingham, 1905-1906.**

Olympia, by the way, is now a magnificent place—a resort for all and sundry. It possesses a giant carpet, on which football matches, whippet races, and out-door sports generally will be held. Many celebrated old international footballers will perform there during the winter, among them being such "stars" as Trainer, Hyslop, Jack Jones, Calvey, H. Marshall, A. G. Marshall, Dunlop, and Anderson. The Basque game (which is considered to be the fastest in the world), Pelota and Squash racquets (which is becoming so greatly in favour with 'Varsity men) are also features of the wonderful programme put up at the transformed Olympia.

## BILLIARDS.

Everything passed off pleasantly at the meeting of the Billiard Association last week—which is good, seeing that a great deal of difference of opinion has existed in its ranks during the past year or so. I write feelingly on this matter, for I was constrained to speak rather strongly at one meeting. The new officials are: President, Mr. A. G. Theed, Chairman, Mr. H. B. Smith; Committee, Col. S. E. Atkinson, Major A. E. Mainwaring, Messrs. R. Topping, L. Stroud, F. Cottrall, W. E. Fry, J. Demetrius, H. W Baker, H. W. Moy, S. A. Mussabini, F. Bishop, W. Bradshaw, H. R. Newson, W. S. Jones, R. K. Reid, and S. S. Christey. The members of the old Committee re-elected among the above were Major Mainwaring and Messrs. R. Topping, F. Cottrall, and R. K. Reid.

## FOR COUNTRY READERS.

We have received from the Anglo-Danish Publishing Company, 188, Strand, W.C., an English translation of J. P. Müller's famous book, "My System," which explains the Danish style of physical culture. Certainly, if the book can do half it claims to be able to acomplish, it is invaluable, and, in any case, is well worth buying as an experiment.

The fifty-first annual issue of "Vinton's Agricultural Almanac" has been published, and fully maintains the very useful and practical character of this well-known and old-established Annual. The monthly diary, calendar, and breeders' tables, statistics, lists of societies, and other information make it very handy for reference throughout the year. The aim of the compilers has been to give within the covers of one volume such an amount of information for agriculturists as can only be obtained by consulting several authorities. The statistics are very complete and comprehensive, comprising weights and measures, values of feeding stuffs, grain and cattle prices, composition and produce of crops, census returns, values of imports, agricultural returns, etc., while the societies include breed societies, agricultural societies, chambers of agriculture, dairy societies, and others. There is also a list of fairs. Portraits are given of the President of the Board of Agriculture in 1905, and of the President of the Royal Agricultural Society. A number of interesting and special articles are given, among which may be mentioned Professor Wrightson on "Bed-Rock Costs of Tillage," Mr. W. E. Bear on "Experiments in Spraying," Mr. J. G. Turnbull on "Hop Poles," Mr. Wm. Parlour on "Agricultural Education," Mr. E. G. Walker on "The Decline of Rural Sentiment."

*Photo, Bowden.*

**Burrows, the Southampton goalkeeper.**

Mr. C. W. Walker-Tisdale on "Points about Churning," Mr. R. E. Turnbull on "Our Milk Supply," and Mr. W. W. Glenny on "The Garden Farm: Its Possibilities and Probabilities." The price remains at the moderate one of 6d., post free 8d. Messrs. Vinton and Co., Ltd., 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., are the publishers.

### Ju-Jitsu.

Newnham, St. Margaret's Hall, and Girton are going to introduce Ju-Jitsu, says a writer in the *Sunday Times*. This is a matter of congratulation, as, besides being very fascinating, this (to us) novel accomplishment has several useful advantages. It teaches great quickness of brain, eye, and muscle in conjunction, a training which can only be beneficial, and how delightful the feeling of assurance of any girl who knows she can, in whatever unforeseen circumstance, protect herself as ably as (it used to be supposed) the stoutest prize-fighter. Unlike most athletics for girls, Ju-Jitsu does not overdevelop the muscles, or in any way spoil the graceful symmetry of figure which is woman's best inheritance. Physical strength is not necessary, quickness and knack are the elements required for success. Both these accomplishments can be professionally taught to anyone; but, of course, the person who thinks and moves quickly learns her lesson easier. After watching an exhibition carefully one realises that there is no real roughness in it, and that the person who attempts to use any strength is giving an advantage which is immediately seized by the wily opponent to effect a throw. The first lesson taught is, of course, how to take a fall without being hurt. This art mastered, the next, and (the instructors say) more difficult one, is to teach the pupil to refrain from using their strength. The onlooker soon perceives that the most terrible looking fall does not even mean a bruise to those who know how to take it; in fact, the whole thing is a triumph of mind over matter, and it is funny to see a gentle-looking, little Japanese woman throw a big man who is uninitiated in the art as easily as one would toss a match in the fire. The Japanese Ju-Jitsu has been practised and developed for hundred of years, and is taught in all schools. Experience has proved the value of the art, and it is more than likely that we shall take it up as warmly as it deserves in this country.

### Massacred by Mistake.

The *Lokalanzeiger* gives details of a terrible tragedy at Tukum, in the Baltic province of Courland.

Several thousand rebels first attacked the town, which was guarded by forty dragoons and three officers. The rebels killed thirty-five and wounded the remainder of the dragoons, and occupied the town.

Thereupon reinforcements were sent from Mitau, and bombarded the town with artillery. The peaceful inhabitants found themselves between two fires, the bloodthirsty rebels plundering and slaughtering within the town and the troops bombarding it from without.

The inhabitants therefore decided to take flight and place themselves under the protection of the troops.

This project was carried out under the cover of darkness. The troops, mistaking the headlong panic-stricken rush of fugitives for an onslaught of rebels, massacred them, 600 being killed, including many women and children.

### Elephants in Gold.

The Prince and Princess of Wales made their state entry into Gwalior on elephants last week.

Thirty-six of these animals, magnificently painted and caparisoned, formed part of the procession, which included cavalry, artillery, camels, ponies, a band, palanquins, footmen, and spearmen.

The Prince of Wales and the Maharajah of Gwalior rode on the leading elephant; the Princess and Major Daly were riding on the second, while the members of the suite followed on other elephants.

The royal mounts had golden howdahs and cloths, and heavy clanking golden chains, with tinkling bells, round their necks. Enthusiastice crowds welcomed the procession.

A durbar was held at the palace. With impressively stately ceremonial, the Maharajah garlanded the Prince, and the Prince the Maharajah, with gold braid. They also exchanged attar and pan.

*Photo, Lowden.*

JU-JITSU: A throw, position 1. Lady parries the blow with her hand and seizing her opponent's sl.eve—

### Hero of Twenty-Four Campaigns.

General Saussier, one of the most distinguished soldiers in France, and ex-commander-in-chief of the French army, died in Paris last week.

He refused to give his parole when Marshal Bazaine capitulated at Metz. He was taken to Gaudenz, but escaped, and after crossing Austria and Italy rejoined the French forces and was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

He saw more active service than most French soldiers, and took part in no fewer than twenty-four campaigns during his fifty-four years in the army, receiving three wounds.

### Romance of Johannesburg.

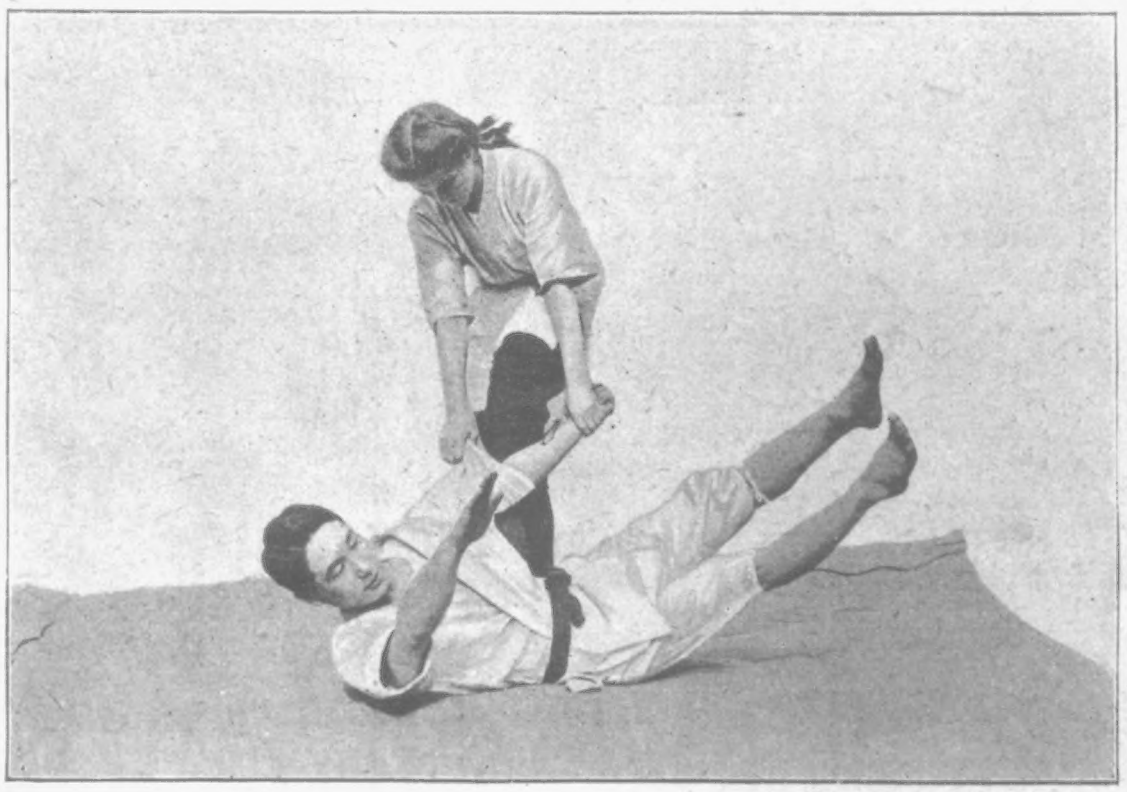
A romance which began in Johannesburg had an interesting sequel at Bath last week, when the marriage was celebrated of Mr. George Henry Goch and Miss Maud Welman, who is better known as Miss Katherine Pole, the actress.

Mr. Goch is an ex-Mayor of Johannesburg, and during his year of office Miss Welman visited the town as leading lady of the Sass-Nelson dramatic company. The mayor and the actress met, and fell in love, and it was arranged that they should be married on Mr. Goch's next visit to this country.

The wedding took place at Bath Abbey Church.

*Photo, Bowden.*

JU-JITSU: A throw, position 2—swings herself into position to deliver backward kick—



*Photo, Bowd.n.*

JU-JITSU: A throw, position 3—thus upsetting her opponent's balance and bringing him down with her foot on his side. She can then break his elbow joint across her shin. Photos taken at the Japanese School of Ju-Jitsu, 305, Oxford Street, London, W.

### Heroic Rescue by Nurses.

The presence of mind and the courage of two nurses—Miss Anna McGrath and Miss Sarah Smith—saved the lives of hundreds of inmates of the prison on Blackwell's Island, East River, New York, which was burned down last week.

The fire broke out in the sewing-room of a building occupied by 600 women prisoners. It was first discovered by Miss McGrath. She called Miss Smith, and together they rushed to the office containing a lever by which they were able to open simultaneously all the cell doors.

The building is mainly of wood, and the fire soon spread from the sewing-room. When the flames were seen by the 1,200 male prisoners in the adjacent building, the panic became general.

Miss McGrath and Miss Smith took upon themselves the direction of the staff of nurses and attendants. They led the way upstairs through the burning building, and fifty bed-ridden old women were carried down, many of them from the fourth storey.

The women who had escaped when the cell doors were thrown open were reassured and calmed by the nurses, and helped in carrying out the bed-ridden.

Everything was done in absolute order, and the last woman was carried down a burning staircase.

When all had been saved, the women pressed round Miss Smith, weeping hysterically and trying to kiss her. She was greatly embarrassed, and hurried away to escape their attentions.

The governor of the prison considers it almost a miracle that no lives were lost, as the building was one of the oldest on the city's penal settlement, and has long been considered a deadly fire-trap. Only the absence of any wind prevented the fire from spreading to the other buildings.

### English v. American.

Some interesting reflections on our ways and manners are to be found in Mr. W. D. Howells' article on "English Idiosyncrasies," which appears in the *North American Review*.

"Once I asked a friend," he says, "whether a man's origin or occupation would make any difference in his social acceptance, if he were otherwise interesting and important. He responded with almost a shout of amazement, 'Oh, not the least in the world!'

"But I have my doubts still; and I should say that it might be as difficult for a very cultivated and agreeable man-servant to get on in London Society, as for an artist or poet to feel at home in the first circles of New York. Possibly, however, London Society, because of its almost immeasurable vastness, can take in more of more sorts of people without the consciousness of differences which keeps our own first circles so elect.

"I venture, somewhat wildly, somewhat unwarrantably, the belief that English Society is less sensitive to moral differences than ours, and that people with their little *taches* would find less anxiety in London than in New York lest they should come off on the people they rubbed against. Some Americans, who, even with our increasing prevalence of divorces, are not well seen at home, are cheerfully welcomed in England.

"Perhaps, there, all Americans, good and bad, high and low, coarse and fine, are the same to senses not accustomed to our varying textures and shades of colour; that is a matter I should be glad to remand to the psychologist, who will have work enough to do if he comes to inquire into such mysteries. One can never be certain just how the English take us, or how much, or whether they take us at all.

"Oftenest I was inclined to think that we were imperceptible to them, or that,, when we were perceptible, they were aware of us as Swedenborg says the most celestial angels are aware of evil spirits, merely as something angular. Americans were distressful to their consciousness, they did not know why; and then they tried to ignore us. But perhaps this is putting it a little fantastically.

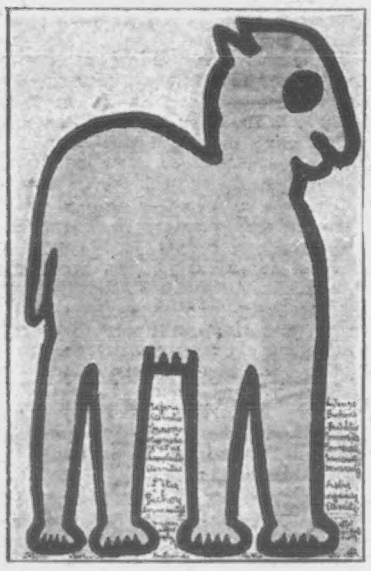
"What I know is that one comes increasingly to reserve the fact of one's nationality, when it is not essential to the occasion, and to become as much as possible an unknown quality, rather than a quality aggressive or positive."

Mr. Howells' article will be read with great interest by all English book-lovers who have spent many happy hours over his books.

# A MAD MUSEUM:

## The Insane as Artists.

Perhaps because the French as a people are so sane and shrewd, France has always been noted for her mental specialists, and of these mad-doctors one of the most famous is Professor Marie, the chief of the medical staff attached to the Ville-juif Asylum. The Professor takes the most enthusiastic interest in his unfortunate patients; he encourages them to do work with their hands, and even to devote themselves, when they are willing to do so, to some form of art. In this way he has obtained most amazing results, especially in connection with drawing, painting, and modelling. The insane rarely, if ever, lose the gift of imagination, and a painful interest attaches to many of the drawings and statues now gathered together by Professor Marie in what he calls his Mad Museum.



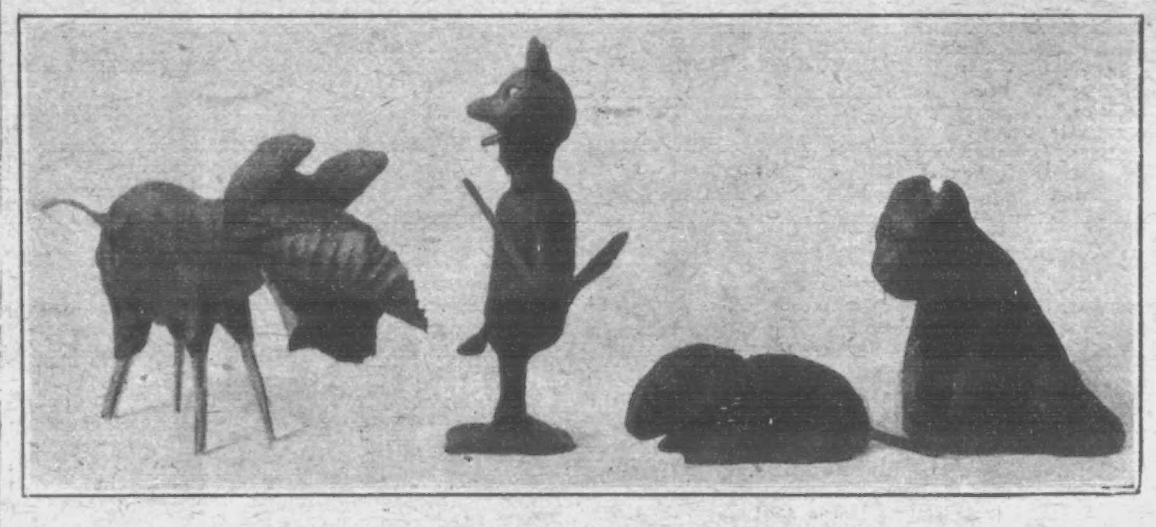
A characteristic example of a madman's work.

Too often the mad artist, whether he be a mere amateur who has never handled pencil or paint-brush before, or a man, on the other hand, who has studied in an art-school, allows his fancy to take horrible and lugubrious forms connected with punishments and the powers of evil. Even ordinary objects are seen through distorted eyes, and this is shown in striking manner in an extraordinary statue of Professor Marie himself done by one of his patients; the likeness is there, but the kind and sensible face of the sitter is reproduced by the artist in almost diabolic form.

The Professor has noticed that the insane by no means always reproduce in painting or sculpture what is regarded by those about them as their *idée fixe;* on the contrary, they will often draw or model a scene or object having no reference to their peculiar form of madness or mental delusion. It happens not infrequently that an insane artist will execute most beautiful copies of a work of art put before him; or, again, that he will paint from memory one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the world.

It is when left entirely to its own initiative that the mind which has lost its equilibrium evokes such weird scenes as some of the drawings reproduced here.

Painters and artists who become mad often give proof of their insanity by some peculiar form of artistic obsession. Such a worker, having been a portrait-painter, will execute excellent counterfeit presentments of those about him, but will invariably leave out the nose or the mouth of each subject. The work of the landscape-artist who has lost his reason has a curious tendency to revert to the pre-Raphaelite school; this is strikingly shown in the design which has for its object the interpretation of a legend, and of which we give a reproduction.

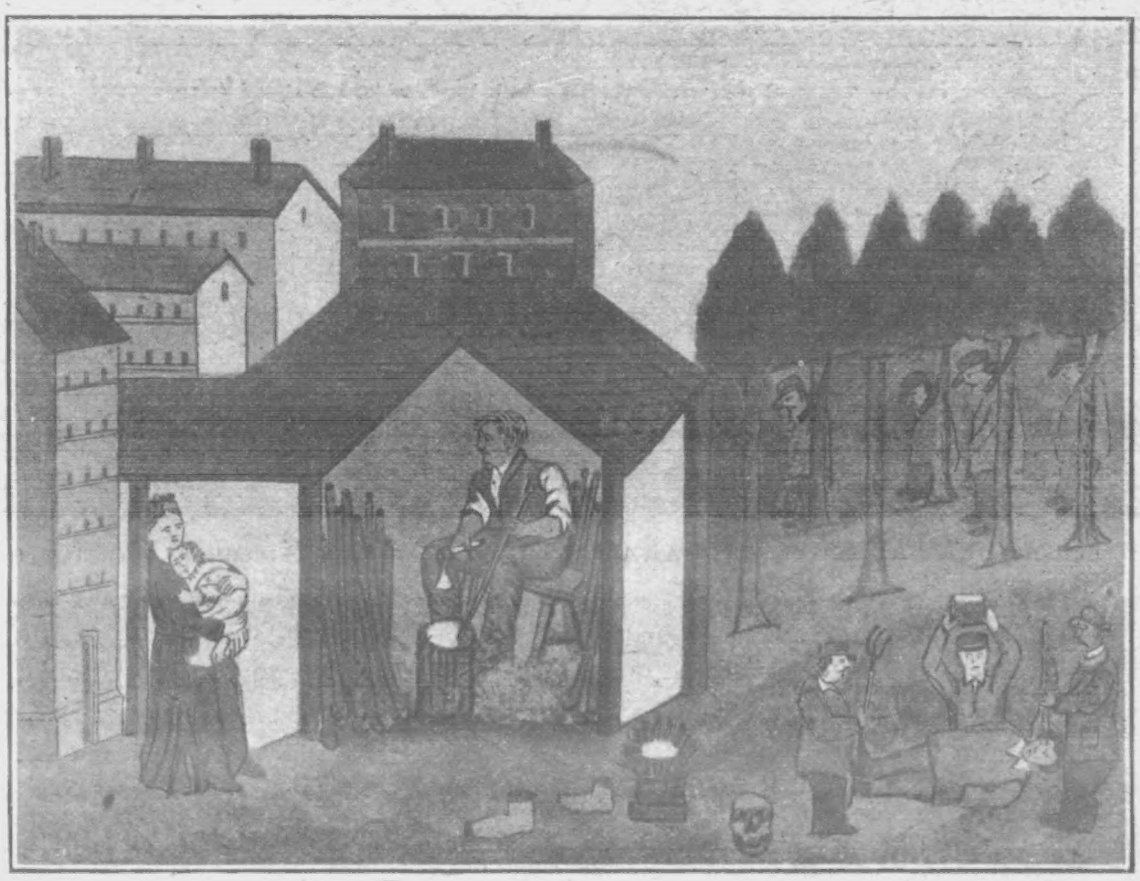


"Vague beasts," modelled by a dumb idiot.

Professor Marie is particularly interested in those of his patients whose artistic gifts have suddenly developed when under his care. He finds such cases more curious and worthy of study than those of the unfortunate beings who were already painters or sculptors when they became inmates of his asylum. It is an extraordinary fact—and one for which he is quite prepared to vouch—that certain lunatics who, when sane, could not have executed the simplest drawing, will suddenly begin to draw quite admirably and with a really striking originality. Work done under these conditions often recalls not only the pre-Raphaelite school, but typical Eastern and early Japanese paintings. Professor Marie goes even further: he asserts that in the artistic work of certain idiots who have never enjoyed any form of intellectual life, actual genius, especially of the horror-producing kind, is to be found. An idiot child who was for a long time at Ville-juif learnt to model most exquisitely not only real animals, but fantastic creatures and monsters; and, what was more, he was able to inspire his clay models with that quality of life or movement which is being continually sought for by the very greatest sculptors.

The many madmen and madwomen who believe themselves to be persecuted by human or diabolical agencies are fond of drawing what they believe to be counterfeit presentments of their persecutors. One poor fellow, who believed himself haunted by a musical fiend, made a striking statue of his tormentor. Policemen, Jesuits, Freemasons—all figure in Professor Marie's collection of drawings, and it occasionally happens that a patient, after having put his enemy on paper, forgets him for a while. A certain type of madman is fond of illustrating his letters; the clearer the mind, the simpler the design. The most elaborate and complicated drawings are the work of those who are in every sense of the word dangerous lunatics.

Professor Marie's experiments have aroused the greatest interest among the mental specialists of the world, and similar collections of drawings and paintings done by the insane have been started in Italy, in Russia, and in Germany. Each give much the same kind of result, for each collection is, as it were, a reflection of human thought and experience seen in exaggerated and terrifying forms.



"THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN HANGED": A gruesome sketch by one of Professor Marie's patients.

A RETURN TO THE STYLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT: "A Scene of Agony.

A madman's idea of the musician that haunts his disordered brain.

### Airships against Tribesmen.

Portugal is to be the first country in the world to employ steerable airships in warfare.

The Government have decided to purchase two ships to accompany the expedition which is being prepared to be sent out against the revolted tribes in West Africa. The ships will be used for reconnoitring in the enemy's country.

Engineers have been ordered to proceed to London, Paris, and New York to inspect available airships, and to select those constructed on the most approved lines.

Balloons were first tested in war at the battle of Fleurus in 1794.

Afterwards they were employed in the Italian War of 1859, and the American War of Secession. There was a balloon post during the siege of Paris in 1870.

The first use of a balloon in war by the British was at Suakin in 1885.

THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET, "PARISIANA": Some random sketches made by our artist last week.

TO THE RESCUE! How the lifeboatmen often have to spend their Christmastide.

# P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. Alfred Butt, of the Palace Theatre, has arranged a series of delightful matinées — specially designed for children—beginning on Boxing Day. He has lowered the prices and enlarged the bill, which includes Mlle. de Dio in fire-dances, a play with dolls, called "Moonshine," and a piccaninny act. "Just the thing!"

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It has been arranged that among the items of the annual theatricals given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth shall this year be a performance of Lady Bell's "Time is Money," the cast of which will consist of Miss Muriel Wilson, Lady Maud Warrender, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

It is almost an unprecedented event for a professional player to appear before the King and Queen without the stereotyped command, and with a company of amateurs, and this gives to the arrangement more than ordinary interest.

Mr. Hawtrey, who is enabled to go to Chatsworth by the permission of Mr. Frederick Harrison, the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, is rehearsing the play daily at the Haymarket, and it is stated that he does not find the amateur ladies less keen than the professionals with whom he habitually plays. The performance will take place at Chatsworth on January 4th.

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The following is the cast of "Noah's Ark," the play for children who are grown up and otherwise, which is to be given at matinées at the Waldorf Theatre commencing on Saturday, the 30th inst. :—

Jamboree (a terrible pirate) : Mr. Harry Paulton.
Tom : Mr. Stratton Mills.
Tobin : Mr. Herbert Sparling.
Miriam Smith : Miss Agnes Thomas.
Fairy Queen : Miss Beatrice Lamotte.
Elise : Miss Madge Lessing.

The scenes of "Noah's Ark" are laid in the home of Elsie and Tom, and on the island whither the children are taken by the pirate in search of certain hidden treasures. Miss Madge Lessing, who will have full scope for the exercise of her talent, will introduce several special numbers.

The "book" of "Noah's Ark" is by Mr. Percy French, whose child stories have made him famous as an entertainer, and the music is by another Irishman, Mr. Houston Collisson, who is probably the first clergyman to be associated as composer with a London musical play.

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To the programme at the Coliseum Mr. Oswald Stoll has added many attractions of special quality, the chief among these being the gipsy operetta, "Fenella," composed by Napoleon Lambelet, and written by Mr. Arthur R. Cleveland. Miss Madge Lessing, in her stirring scena, "Hear the Pipers Calling, Jennie Mine!"—which is almost as long as the title of a play by Mr Henry Arthur Jones—continues to hold a front place in the hearts of Mr. Stoll's patrons; and the "mystery play," "Joseph and His Brethren," is still the leading offering of the six o'clock performance.

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At the Hippodrome, in place of the usual pantomime, Messrs. Moss and Stoll "present" the already popular "touch-and-go" travesty, "Among the Stars," as well as the "Fishing Cormorants" which have caused so much yellow jealousy to rise in the breast of the ordinary week-end angler, who, as Mr. Harry Tate would have it, "seems to get nothing on the end of the line but himself!" and it goes without saying that the numerous "varieties" are of the customary high order. The programme at the Empire, already excellent, has been strengthened by the engagement of that evergreen pet of the public, Mr. Maurice Farkoa; and it should be noted by indulgent fathers and mothers than on New Year's Day Mr. H. J. Hitchins will produce a "Grand Children's Ballet, 'Cinderella'" for afternoon performance.

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Writing in *M.A.P.* of the days of her youth, Miss Marie Studholme says: Despite the rather masculine tone of my school training, I was a very feminine girl. I was devoted to my dolls up to quite an advanced age, and on my way to school in the morning I used to take several of my "children" with me, hiding them in trees by the way, where, on the return journey, I would "discover" them, and pretend to have caught them birds' nesting. Then—but to give you a picture of myself as a girl, perhaps I cannot do better than to reproduce some extracts from the diary I began to keep when I was thirteen, and have kept ever since. The first entry, naturally enough, is

*Photo, Wood, Darlington.*

**MISS BESSIE FEATHERSTONE, the charming principal boy at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.**

**MISS LILY BLACK, principal girl, Theatre Royal, Leeds.**

for New Year's Day, and runs as follows :

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"New Year's Day. Going to be awfully good. Went to church twice."

Then comes: "Wrote to mother for 2s. 6d. Wonder if she'll send it," followed two days later by: "Mother sent me 2s. 6d. and some skates. Awfully good of her, as I only asked for 2s. 6d."

The other entries I give just as they come, with only such comment as is necessary.

"Going to be christened. Some boys snowballed me all the way to church. Was made a 'lively member of the church.' I think I was that before."

No, "christened" is not a misprint for confirmed. Shortly before my confirmation it was discovered that I had never been christened. This omission was due to my grandparents thinking that I had been christened before I came to them, while my mother thought that they would have the ceremony performed.

---

"Called at the Armstrongs'. Thank goodness, they have had their piano tuned."

"Got confirmed. Don't feel any diferent (my own spelling). Told Miss Hanson (my history mistress) so. She was disgusted."

"Asked mother if I may go in for gymnastics. Do hope I may."

"Got answer. I may. I must get my costume made."

"Have ordered costume at Taylor's without mother's permission, supposing she wants it made. What fun!"

"Mother says I may order costume. Good thing, too, as it is already made, and cost 15s."

*Photo, Lallie Charles.*

**MISS MARIE DAINTON, one of the most popular queens of the pantomime this year.**

"I like Friday mornings, and I hate Friday afternoons"—a statement I cannot now account for.

"Got a new dress. Such a funny one. Just like a grownup's" (as written in my diary this last word looks like the name of some prehistoric animal).

"Miss Thompson (my German mistress) has fallen and hurt her leg, and can't go to school. Have planted some lilies-of-the-valley in the greenhouse, and shall send them to mother when they come out."

---

"Hurrah! I've passed in Euclid and Algebra. I *am* glad."

"Played cricket. Hugged Miss Horton (my favourite governess) so tight that I squashed her collar."

"Picnic. Had our photographs taken. I was quite in front. I do wish mother had been in front too."

"Got seven marks for drawing a potato"—I am sure I must have deserved them considering the unloveliness of the subject.

"Went to Mrs. Sutcliffe's to tea. Mrs. Sutcliffe told us the most heavenly ghost stories"—I think the heavenly is rather quaint.

"I have got a silly new pink cotton dress, loose from the yoke. It's just like a sack."

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"In disgrace. Couldn't do my Euclid, so I didn't. Didn't know my French. Had to describe an anemone and couldn't. Want to go back to mother. Don't like anybody, everybody's cross and horrid. A fearfully windy day. My hat rolled down Saltaire Road, and the elastic blew away." This depressing entry is followed by a more cheerful one.

"Got a season ticket for the bazaar. Stayed away from gymnastics to go to it. Sold twenty-four dolls for auntie's stall. Enjoyed myself wonderfully."

"Nearly all the girls are going to the pantomime. How I wish I could go too, but I know they won't let me."

* * * *

This, the last, extract I propose to give you is rather significant. I never went to a theatre until I came to London, and if the theatre were ever mentioned in my grandfather's house it was in no complimentary terms. Moreover, I never had the least ambition to go on to the stage, and, indeed, as a girl, I was altogether devoid of ambition. I should have been content to go on living with my grandparents had not my mother sent for me to join her in London when I was fifteen.

---

A year later I went on the stage for the simple reason that I wanted to—in fact, it was necessary that I should—earn my own living, and the stage seemed to offer the easiest opportunity for doing so. I made my *début* at the Lyric Theatre under Mr. Horace Sedger. The play was "La Cigale," and I had a one-line part, which had been originally played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys—for I only came in for the last six weeks or so of the "run." Then Mr. W. S. Gilbert gave me a small part in "Haste to the Wedding" at the Criterion, and next came the "Artist's Model," and, to my great amazement, I found that I was talked about, and that my photograph was in demand.

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For months past public interest has been centred in the immense building being erected in Eglington Street, Glasgow. It has been an open secret that the erection in question was yet another "Moss Empire," but, in this instance to be called "The Coliseum."

The new Coliseum is the latest and largest addition to the great number of handsome halls owned by the Moss' Empires, Ltd., which form such attractions in the principal towns of the Kingdom under the management of Messrs. Moss and Stoll. It was opened for Christmas.

The design of the new building has been prepared by the company's architect, Messrs. Frank Matcham and Co., of London, and they have taken for their model one of the latest and most successful of their halls, the Ardwick Empire, Manchester.

The Glasgow Coliseum, however, is considerably larger than the Ardwick Empire. Its seating capacity is exactly 4,000. This means that on the two houses a night principle 8,000 will be entertained nightly, 48,000 weekly, and 2,496,000 yearly.

There are no fewer than thirty-six exits, each 6 ft. wide—the doors being fitted with automatic alarm bolts.

Waiting-rooms are provided for patrons of every part of the house, so that there will be no such thing as standing outside.

The vestibule is of bold Italian design, the walls being finished in imitation stone, and divided up with white marble columns and pilasters. The floors are in ceramic mosaic. A fine white marble staircase leads to an arched gallery surrounding a vestibule, from which the managerial offices are approached. A double staircase is also continued up from here to the private box lounge. The boxes themselves are placed in the centre of the grand tier, an excellent arrangement as regard privacy, which will be greatly appreciated by patrons.

The entrance-hall is the finest possessed by any theatre in Great Britain, the floors being covered with rich Turkey rugs and carpets.

The stalls contain comfortable tip-up armchairs, a wide staircase leading down to a beautifully decorated and furnished waiting-room.

Even the pit floor, approached from Herbertson Street through a large waiting-room, is covered with a carpet, and provided with velvet-covered settees.

# P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

### Muking Walks.

Those intending to make or renovate walks may do so now with advantage, says a writer in the *Garden Home*. Let the motto be "thoroughness." To do this work hurriedly and without the necessary amount of care and forethought is

*Photo, Advance.*

**One of the seven pigmy ponies Mr. Jamrach, the naturalist, has imported from Iceland. They are only 28 inches high, and have all been bought (at £15 each) by one person, who intends giving them as presents.**

a fatal mistake, and means courting failure instead of success and satisfaction. Let it always be remembered that walks will require to be used in all weathers; hence the necessity of being well made and drained. In making new walks in pleasure grounds there can be no hard-and-fast rules laid down as to what width they should be made as this greatly depends on the size of the grounds, etc. For ordinary walks a good width would be from 4 ft. to 5 ft. If the grounds are large and the desire is to make a bold walk, it may be made from 6 ft. to 7 ft.; but it must always be remembered not to make them straight, unless near formal beds, etc. For ordinary walks nothing is more effective than good curves and sweeps. Take out the soil to the depth of 15 in., and if it be heavy it will require well draining. The pipes must first be placed in position, one on each side of the walk. If there is a main drain near, the fall should be got to allow the walk to be drained in that direction; if not, let the drain pipes be extended to the lowest point, where they will gradually discharge themselves on the surface.

### Flowering Shrubs, etc.

There are a large number of flowering shrubs grown for market that are forced into flowers at the close of the year and onward, and that are useful either for the production of cut blooms or sold as pot plants for decorative work. A word or two on their culture and the general treatment may not be out of place at the present time. Among such plants are rhododendrons, azaleas, Indian, Ghent, and mollis, deutzias in variety, prunus, lilacs, spiræas, etc., and among hardy plants that are useful for this purpose may be named the bleeding heart, dielytra spectabilis, and Solomon's seals, polygonatum vulgare and its varieties. All these plants should be got into their flowering pots as quickly as possible. Indian azaleas will be arriving in quantity from the Continent, and these should be got into pots at once. In all cases the pots should be as small as the root balls can be conveniently got into. Many only use plain loam for potting these subjects for market. This is hardly a fair proceeding, as those who buy are sure to be disappointed by the ultimate death of the plant, and those who purchase such plants rarely touch them again. Black peat is cheap enough by the truck load, and should always be used for mixing with one-third part of loam for potting these plants. Rhododendrons come under the same rule. Much has been said and written anent the growing of the latter plant in loam. Some loams, it is true, do them well, but never so well as when some peat is intermixed with it. All the other plants named may be potted in sound turfy loam, in which a fair proportion of either sand or road grit has been mixed. As the plants are potted they should be stood in batches in the open and be well watered in. When drained the Indian azaleas and rhododendrons should go into cold frames or empty tomato houses, and the deciduous stuff can be plunged in ashes, removing them as wanted to the forcing-houses, or, later on, if hard frost is imminent, standing them also on the floor of cold houses until wanted. All these plants will be useful for local trade as well as for the supply of the larger markets.

*Photo, Cadby.*

**WORKING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED.**

**Suburban Lady: "I'm glad to see you at work again. Why didn't you come all last week?"**

**Odd Man: "Well, mum, you see, what with marches and demonstrations, and the like, we was busy all the week."**

### A Beautiful Hardy Plant.

The Crown Imperial, a stately-growing, hardy plant, is one of the bulbs which thrive best in a deep, rich, and moist soil. It should be planted in a position where it obtains a fair amount of sunshine, and at the same time sheltered from high winds. They will, however, grow well in any good garden soil, and if allowed to remain undisturbed for several years will form picturesque groups of rare beauty. The bulbs should be planted with their crowns four or five inches below the surface, and eight inches to a foot apart. I will be pleased to recommend certain really good varieties upon hearing from any correspondent.

### Violets in Frames and Houses.

These plants will need some care at the present time, and on no account must they be kept in a close and clammy atmosphere, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. Whatever the weather, free ventilation must be given, and a careful watch be kept for any sign of mildew. When there are no signs of this trouble, it is a good plan to blow over the plants a very light dusting of flowers of sulphur about once a week. This should be done as soon as the flowers are picked. All dead leaves must be regularly picked off, as these are sure to be attacked by fungi, many of which become saprophytic. Violets in glass-houses must not be allowed to become too dry, neither must they be kept in a wet state. The happy mean is a great point in watering violets in winter. Where a series of glass-houses are put down to violets in winter, and a period of fog and damp weather prevails, it is well now and then to turn on a little heat so that more ventilation can be put on, and a drier state of the atmosphere be secured. There must, however, never be enough artificial heat given to cause leaf growth. As a rule violets make their great leaf growths when the flowering period is over, and to force the leaf is to stop the flowers. Watering should be done, if possible, during spells of sunshine, never in dull, wet weather, if it is possible to avoid it.

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE woman who smiles is the woman who exercises the best influence. Her stern-browed sister may be a perfect miracle of virtue, but somehow she talks to make those virtues pleasant in the eyes of the multitude, and one hears people say of her, "Well, I'd rather have less virtue and a little more pleasantness. I know that she denies herself all sorts of pleasures for the sake of her orphaned nephew, but if she can't help looking so glum about it she'd better have sent the youngster to the workhouse; perhaps the matron would have smiled at him there!"

**Smiles Win the Day.**

Children notice looks more than speech. The smiling mother is the one who is her children's idol, and she at once wins the confidence of other people's little folks. "She talks kind, but she looks cross," said a small boy of his new teacher; and her looks were a sufficient reason for his objecting to go to school.

Looks go a long way in making one liked or disliked, and it is, as Prince Edward once quaintly reminded his younger brother, "your duty to look pleasant."

Looking pleasant creates pleasantness on the part of those we come in contact with, as surely as frowning and scowling produce in them a feeling of irritation and annoyance. This being so, the effort which it demands is well repaid in the additional comfort and serenity that it secures to oneself, to say nothing of the feelings of other people.

The pleasant smile is as much a sign of good-temper as the glow and cheery appearance of an open fire is of the warmth it diffuses. So don't be chary of your smiles. There should be plenty for the home circle as well as for the outside world, but if you think that economy in the matter is necessary, then exercise that economy among strangers.

Home should be sunny, and, as the woman is the home-maker, she ought to be the manufacturer of its sunshine. Here is a motto for her, culled from Byron:

*Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,*
*The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,*
*And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!*

ON this page is a photograph of an early sewing machine in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, lent by the late Mr. Lawson Tait. The following are the particulars given of this quaint machine:

**An Early Sewing Machine.**

This roughly-constructed machine is said to have been made about the year 1842 by Charles Kyte, a native of Snow Hill, near Eversham. A four legged wooden stool supports the table on which the machine is carried. The treadle acts upon a cranked axle carrying a wooden fly-wheel, which is weighted near the circumference by lead run into augured holes. A small pulley on the spindle of the machine is driven by a belt from another pulley on the fly-wheel, and a crank in the spindle communicates a vertical reciprocating motion to the needle-bar by means of a long rocking lever. A steel ring fixed eccentrically to the side of the upper pulley acts as a cam, and gives motion to a lorn arm which works the shuttle carrier.

On the other side of the crank which works the needle-bar is a small cam, giving a side motion to a horizontal rocking lever, which feeds forward the work. The light flat spring fitted with a small pulley on the table appears to have been a tension arrangement.

The needle and shuttle are missing, and their form is unknown.

**THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE MADE IN ENGLAND: It was made by William Murdock about 1781, at Redruth, Cornwall.**

**An early sewing machine, made in the year 1842.**

*Required:* Two rabbits, a quarter of a pound of bacon, carrot and onion, one pint of thickened stock, a little red currant jelly, a squeeze of lemon juice.

**Jugged Rabbit.**

Procure very fresh rabbits for this dish, skin and soak in salted water. Dry and divide into neat joints. Cut the bacon into wedges, place in a hot frying-pan with the rabbit. Remove the rabbit when browned, and put into a jar. Add the sliced onion and carrot, and cook gently. Season highly. Then pour in the gravy, colour it, and stir till it boils up. Place in a jar with rabbit, cover closely. Stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and cook the contents gently one and a half hours, strain off the gravy into a saucepan, add some red-currant jelly, and stir till it comes to the boil, squeeze in lemon juice and pour over the rabbit on a hot dish.

POUR a pint and a half of boiling water over two ounces of coffee and let it stand till clear. Carefully pour off the liquor on to three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine powder, and let it dissolve slowly over heat. Add three ounces of white sugar and stir till all is dissolved. Pour into a clean round mould that has a jar fixed in the middle. When quite set, turn out, and fill the cavity in the centre with whipped cream.

**Coffee Jelly.**

PROCURE some nice fresh walnuts, remove the shells, keeping the nuts perfectly whole, take a needle and thread and pierce through the centre of each nut lengthwise. Several nuts may be placed on the same thread, provided they do not touch. Make a syrup by boiling together one pound of sugar and half a pint of water; let it boil without stirring until a drop of the syrup will harden directly it is placed on a cold plate. Immediately before removing it from the fire add a pinch of cream of tartar dissolved in warm water. Now dip the nuts into the syrup for a few minutes, and afterwards hang in a cool place where they do not touch anything. If more than one be on the same thread, a deep pan will be necessary for the syrup.

**Candied Walnuts.**

A USEFUL little book on "Face Massage" is offered lady readers of *P.I.P.* by the Oatine Coy., 113 Denman Street, London Bridge, which is sent free to all who send three penny stamps for a full size jar of Oatine, the new face cream. The proprietors of this excellent toilet preparation are so satisfied with the merits of Oatine that they are disposed to let ladies have some direct from them on approval, asking only in the first instance for threepence for postage, and full payment when Oatine has proved beneficial to the user.

**A Toilet Hint.**

WILL keep well. Place in a jar six ounces of treacle, seven ounces of honey, and ten ounces of vinegar. Stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water and stir till the ingredients are mixed and warmed through. Then add three drachms of ipecacuanha wine and bottle for use. The dose is one tablespoonful every three or four hours for an adult.

**This Cough Mixture**

WHITE kid gloves and shoes can be cleaned with dry pipe clay. Use a stiff brush for the purpose, and rub till the spots vanish.

**To Clean White Kid.**

THIS old-fashioned recipe is sent from Johannesburg by a correspondent who says he has never known it fail. Tie a piece of string to a door handle or leg of a table, pass string once or twice round the *neck* of bottle, and pull bottle backwards and forwards several times with a smart movement, holding the other end of the string in the hand. The friction expands the glass and the stopper becomes loose.

**To Loosen Glass Stoppers.**

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# The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

**MULDOON STEPS IN WHERE ALL OTHERS FEAR TO TREAD.**

He grinned affably, and Fal-Hadjiz, captain of the Queen's guard, showed his white teeth in a welcoming smile.

The two had met before, and fought side by side.

"What's wanted, old chap?" said Terry, stretching himself.

"Quin ask—say bring you queek now," said the captain of the guard.

"Yez was gettin' a wondherful howld of the British lingo entoirely." said Terry; "and it's a most refined accent yez have got. Bring me quick now, eh? I want to bath first and curl my love locks. What's in the parcel?"

"Ramment, sahib," said Fal-Hadjiz.

Terry scratched his head.

"Say it agen, sonny."

"Ramment," repeated Fal-Hadjiz, with a beaming smile.

"Spell it."

That was beyond the power of the captain of Vanessa's guards. He opened the bundle as the easiest way out of the difficulty, and it dawned upon Muldoon as he saw a gorgeous Eastern suit that "raiment" was the word intended. Terry's grin widened as he examined the baggy trousers, the pointed boots, with upturned toe and cruel spurs, the turban, and the scimitar.

"Could yez tell me a secret I'll never divulge," he inquired, "what I'm supposed to do wid these?"

"Wear the ramment, sahib," smiled the captain of the guard. "Quin send it."

Terry fixed the captain with his eye.

"Are yez sartin she didn't say pawn it? P-a-w-n, pawn, see?"

Fal-Hadjiz wagged his turban hopelessly. His knowledge of the English tongue did not extend so far.

"Or, burn it?" said Terry.

"No, no—no burn."

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's moighty koind of her, but, bedad, a self-respectin' Oirish pig 'ud pass me in the street av it saw me wid them throusers on. I'll kape 'em all the same to make a bed quilt of, and the sword wid the twist in it'll come in handy for choppin' firewood whin I get home. And av yez'll wait a bit, me jooil, I'll perform me ablutions and oil me moustache."

Terry achieved this with a bucket of water, a towel, and a piece of yellow soap. Then he went below and donned a spick-and-span suit of white and blue. He looked every inch a sailor when he came on deck, and Fal-Hadjiz looked at his proportions with the envy that a man of poor physique always feels for a giant.

Sentries were pacing round the aeronef, and the captain of Vanessa's guards chuckled when they stood up stiffly for Muldoon to examine their chins. Terry was getting quite a stickler for discipline, and a man who failed to use his razor properly always regretted it.

Terry was amazed to find that it was almost mid-day. As he looked down upon the city from the terrace of the palace, he saw that it was gay with flags and bunting. A body of soldiers was parading in the square. It was his turn to chuckle when Fal-Hadjiz gravely informed him that it was a "nas'nal 'ol'day." Terry wondered when the lazy Hillmen had a "national working day." He judged it would be very seldom by what he had seen of their idle ways.

There was a crowd of gaily-costumed men in the marble-paved entrance hall, and a few of the hang-dog priests of Histor, with their white staffs and shaven heads. They knew that the Queen had turned against them, and that the power they wielded over their superstitious dupes might be wrecked at any time.

They scowled blackly at the burly Irishman, while the others salaamed. Terry met scowls and greeting alike with a good-humoured grin, as his heavy boots click-clacked across the white marble floor. Sentries with naked scimitars guarded the way to the council chamber. They stepped back at a muttered word from the captain of the guard. Fal-Hadjiz did not enter.

Vanessa was alone, standing beside the carved seat which formed her throne. Muldoon stood still. She did not glance towards him. The skin of a black tiger formed into a cloak hung over her shoulders, held by a gold chain with a jewelled clasp.

She walked backwards and forwards, her beautiful head bowed as if in earnest thought. Her light footsteps seemed hardly to touch the ground. Then the great dark eyes lifted, and her lips rippled into a smile. Terry kissed her hand.

"Oh. Irishman!" she said, "I see you have not welcomed my gift."

"Yez mane the duds—the raiment, madam?"

"The uniform of a general in Vanessa's army; and you have scorned it. Well, well; you people of the West have strange ways. I sent for you to tell you news—evil news."

Muldoon bowed again, and Vanessa, her skirts training, swept up and down before the throne.

"It is the priests, Irishman," she cried, with a wealth of contempt in her tones. "Well, you know that Vanessa despised the image of Histor, and well you know that Vanessa bears them no good will, lying hypocrites that they are. For thousands of years have they robbed and duped the people; aye, and even the monarchs of the Hill country.

"But, Garth, my beloved lord, has taught Vanessa the worth of idols and the trickery of the shaven rogues. And, now, feeling that they stand upon a mine to which the match is applied, they are stirring up the people against their Queen. I had it from Bastadan, my Prime Minister. And to-day—this very hour—these shaven curs will wait upon me and dare to ask their Queen to bow before the altar of Histor."

Terry was silent, for he could find nothing to say. Slowly the Queen mounted the throne.

"Stand beside me," she said, "and take this sword. Now I am ready."

She blew a silver whistle. The doors were flung open, and her bodyguard, with bared scimitars, gathered round the throne. Terry took his stand on the right of Vanessa, Fal-Hadjiz on the left. Then other doors opened, and the Queen's white-haired politicians and ministers entered with solemn tread.

"Sit thou at my feet, Bastadan, my wise and true friend," said the Queen to her grey-bearded Prime Minister. "I need thy aid to-day against these insolent priests."

The old man bent almost to the ground. His handsome face looked sorrowful and careworn. Terry, to whom the language of the Hill Country sounded like a fight between two cats, assumed an air of deep gravity and importance, and bowed to every new-comer. Once he met the eye of Fal-Hadjiz and winked; but the captain of the guard was as solemn of as a court of judges.

The doors shut, and Vanessa bent forward and glanced round the circle.

"Rulers of the Hill Country and faithful vassals to your Queen," she cried, "I have heard from my true friend Bastadan words that have set my blood on fire. Am I, Vanessa, daughter of a hundred kings, to be mocked by the beggarly priests who rob by lying, and burn incense to the idol carved with tools? By the glory of my fathers, it shall not be. I ask advice of none save only of Bastadan, the wise. Speak thou, my trusted servant, but rise not."

Still the old man rose, tottering under the burden of his four score years.

"Queen," he said. "I will look back and tell you what I think. It was Ratalji first, your lord and mine, who, as we sat together, spake the strange words of a new faith unto me, scoffing at Histor our god, and at the folly of the worshippers of Histor. And the words of Ratalji sank deep into my heart. Again he took me to his own mighty land, and I beheld its wonders and the might of its more wondrous people."

He paused, his eyes upon the ground, and his tremulous voice grew softer.

"And my lord, Ratalji, whom the white men know as Graydon Garth, told me of the Cross, and Christianity. And so I came to scoff at Histor and to laugh at his priests. Fain would I see his temple flung down, fain would I see the great, true religion among us; but my eyes are too old, and the ignorant cling to the old gods. Therefore, oh Queen, I ask thee humbly to wait, for Nazar, the High Priest of Histor, boasts of his power. Wait until the coming of Ratalji, the worker of miracles."

He sank into his seat again amid a tense silence. He had done his duty, but he knew, by the frown on the Queen's brow, that his advice would not be taken. Her imperious spirit could not brook the insolence of the priests. Come what might, she would crush them.

"Bid Nazar, priest of Histor, approach," she said.

They started at her command, for a command to Histor's high priest had never passed a sovereign's lips before. Fal-Hadjiz stood irresolute and dismayed. She turned her flashing eyes upon him and laughed contemptuously.

"My captain is a fool," she said, in English. "Go, Muldoon, and in the outer court you will see another fool in a litter with his slaves around him. Show him this ring and he will know."

"Yis, madam," answered Terry promptly.

Slaves stood at the outer door holding a litter with closed curtains. Terry brandished Vanessa's ring before their eyes. A wizened man in purple robes stepped out and scowled at the Irishman. Terry scowled in response, and pointed to the open door. Nazar stood still, and Terry began to fondle his revolver as if he loved it.

Scowling again, the high priest stepped over the threshold. Before his followers could cross it Muldoon had closed the door, and had his broad shoulders against it.

Proudly, with head erect, the priest advanced to the throne, the onlookers bowing to him. Vanessa's lip curled.

"The peace of Histor be with you," said Nazar, the priest.

He did not kneel, but remained with folded arms. Terry scented some excitement. He saw an angry flash surge over Vanessa's dark face from neck to temples.

"I have come, Queen."

Vanessa's fingers closed upon the arms of her chair. The faces of her ministers depicted alarm. For thousands of years the persons of the priests of Histor had been deemed sacred. They dreaded the glow in Vanessa's eyes. She pointed a jewelled finger at Nazar and burst into a peal of mocking laughter.

"So this is the thing," she cried, "that makes warriors quake and old men tremble. This is the thing you cringe and fawn to! I admire you all. His face would set the children crying, for they would take him for Thog, the demon of the mountains. I admire you, warriors and statesmen. It is a brave sight to see this puling priest stand before your Queen without bow or reverence. Yes, I admire you."

Nazar's brows knitted together.

"Kneel," cried Vanessa.

"No high priest of Histor knelt yet," said Nazar thickly. "I own no power but Histor's"

"Kneel—I bid you kneel."

Vanessa had sprung to her feet. A murmur of consternation ran from lip to lip.

"And I refuse, Vanessa. You are Queen, but you forget yourself. I shall not kneel."

"Then I will make you, Nazar," and she laughed again as she glanced towards Terry Muldoon. The brawny Irishman would not cower like the guards around her. "But first, I will let you speak. You are a brave man, but you do not know Vanessa. I wait for you."

In turn the high priest of Histor stretched out his hand and pointed full at the Queen.

"I, Nazar, priest of Histor," he said, "denounce you, Vanessa, as a blasphemer and an idolatress. I tell you that you have forfeited the throne. The curse and vengeance of the great god fall upon thee, beautiful as thou art. And I call upon thee, Fal-Hadjiz, as a true believer, to seize this woman in Histor's name."

*(To be continued.)*

**BRITAIN'S LARGEST PLAYHOUSE: The new Glasgow Coliseum which was opened last week and drew crowded houses at Christmas. Mr. H. E. Moss, the principal proprietor, has just been knighted. He is a well-known figure in public life in Glasgow.**

**Cinderella.** Drawn by R. C. Carter.

# THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I see that Mr. George Herring has started a new scheme for the unemployed. He has given £100,000 in order that 500 men can be started as "peasant proprietors" of farms in the country. I suppose one ought to be grateful for any attempts to solve what is, perhaps, the greatest problem of the day, but, to my own mind, Mr. George Herring's scheme—like many another of the same kind—seems likely to rob Peter to pay Paul.

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It reminds me of the Poplar farm colony in Essex, where the unemployed labourers live in luxury, whilst their more sturdy comrades toil outside on an agricultural labourer's wage. Here is a description of the fare provided at the Poplar Colony, as described in an article which appeared in *World's Work* a year ago:—

"For breakfast—with the exception of Sunday, when eggs are provided—meat is always served, consisting either of cold pork, corned beef, cold bacon or German sausage. Beef, mutton, and pork, bread, vegetables, and a variety of puddings make up the dinner menus; and the last meal of the day is a good substantial tea, in which the German sausage again figures, to make no mention of corned beef, marmalade, jam, and cake."

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It is not within the power of the Board to make a money payment for work, but everything is done to make the life as pleasant as may be in the circumstances. "From two o'clock on Saturday afternoons the men are practically free to do as they will, and some manage to earn a little by undertaking small jobs in the neighbourhood; others play football, and in the evenings throughout the week indoor games are permitted until 8 o'clock, at which hour the colony retires to rest, or at 10 p.m. during the spring and summer months. And last, but not least, each colonist has a weekly allowance of something more grateful and comforting than cocoa—an ounce and a half of good shag."

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It would be interesting to know the opinion of this labour colony held by the average agricultural labourer of the district, who, with most probably a wife and a large family to support, is unable to allow himself one quarter of the luxuries enjoyed by these pampered paupers.

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In Poplar workhouse, in Battersea, and in many other places, the fare provided is very nearly as good, and a professional class of pauper is speedily arising to take advantage of it. At Hammersmith, I am told, they have just completed a new workhouse at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of the ratepayers' money—and it will only hold 700 people! Its luxuries include an asphalted covered walk for wet weather, and all the latest improvements in baths and heating apparatus.

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And there is many a respectable woman out charing, or box-making, or sewing to-day to buy bread and tea for herself and her family, who thinks herself lucky if she can taste meat once in three months. I wonder what she thinks of the Pauper Palaces?

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I try to keep clear of political and controversial subjects in these notes, but sometimes one cannot help touching on matters on which it is possible that some of my readers have equally pronounced views on the other side of the subject. I shall be very glad to hear from any of my readers who do not agree with the above remarks, and to publish a selection from their post-cards next week. The more that is written and said on these subjects the better. The average ratepayer does not realise the responsibilities of his citizenship.

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Christmas has come and gone, and in a day or two we shall have begun another year. As I mentioned last week, I have a very extensive programme mapped out for 1906, and I hope to make the *P.I.P.* even more widely read than it is at present. Will you help me to do this?

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I should like to know that every one of my present readers had started the new year by ordering two copies to be reserved each week—one to read at home, and one to send to some friend or relation across the seas. I know from experience how much such a gift is appreciated. In India, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and all over the Empire, an illustrated paper on mail days brings back the old home, and the old associations as nothing else can do, and the fortunate owner of one is made much of by his less lucky comrades in exile. So order another copy—and *do it now*.

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It has been very interesting to me to read the many post-cards received this week from readers who have been kind enough to let me know their favourite features of the paper. The illustrations of topical events—both photographs and drawings—on the first four or five pages of the paper, have naturally proved the most popular feature, and there seems to be a very general desire that the photographs should consist mainly of those of English events. Foreign subjects, unless exceptionally important, do not seem to be so much appreciated.

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But next to the ordinary news of the week the theatrical and the sporting paragraphs and photos seem to attract most attention, and it is difficult to say which of these features is the most popular. My correspondent of a fortnight ago who thought that we published too many football pictures, does not voice the opinion of the majority of our readers. Indeed, I have received some dozens of post-cards asking for even more of this feature than we give at present. The way in which we have covered the progress of the New Zealanders' tour in this country seems to have given immense satisfaction to Rugby enthusiasts.

This week there are not many football pictures, because the rush of Christmas has made it impossible to obtain any, but I shall remedy the deficiency by an extra good collection next week.

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Will you please let me know what you think of the last few numbers of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER? It will not take you a minute to jot down your opinion on the back of a post-card, and I shall regard it as a great personal favour if you will do so.

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I want to know just what features you like best in the paper. If you want more news, pictures, or more sport, more theatrical pictures, more serial story, or less of any of these, just say so.

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You will have noticed that we have recently introduced many marked improvements into the *P.I.P.* I feel that I can confidently assert that it is the best penny illustrated paper in the world. And there are still further improvements in store.

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By-the-bye, I am always glad to hear from any of my readers at any time. If you think you have any snap-shots of your own taking which would be suitable for the paper, send them along, and I will pay you for them.

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Meanwhile please do me the favour of sending that post-card addressed to The Editor, PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

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If there is anything you want to know and can't find it in any reference books you have handy, write to me, and I will endeavour to answer your questions in the columns of the paper.

VALENTIA STEER.

**A NORTH POLE BABY: The baby in this photograph enjoys the unique record of having been born nearer the North Pole than any other human being.**

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1½d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

## Replies in Brief.

J. M. (Birmingham).—The names and addresses you want are Vickery Brothers and Harding, Milverton, Somerset, and T. Bradford and Co., High Holborn, London.

DEVON.—Some breeders, I know, use lime, but I would not advise you to do it, for the fowls may readily pick up injurious matter. The lime washing of the poultry houses is quite different.

CYCLIST.—By far the most popular cycling road in Hertfordshire is the Great North Road between, say, Potter's Bar and Welwyn (via Hatfield). But the ground here is already pretty well covered, and you would be well advised to inspect some of the less frequented routes as more suitable for your purpose.

E. K. (Bucks).—The Windsor uniform consists of an ordinary black evening dress suit, with the addition of a red collar to the coat and red stripes down the trousers. The uniform is only worn at Windsor, and those privileged to wear it are limited to the Royal Family, the members of the Royal Household, and a very few privileged persons, of whom Mr. Balfour is now one.

W. M. H.—Sir West Ridgeway, who is a former Under Secretary for Ireland, has had a most distinguished career. He served in the Afghan War in 1879-80, and was promoted colonel in 1887. He has been Under Secretary to the Government of India, Governor of the Isle of Man, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Ceylon.

MOTORIST.—I am afraid the supply of drivers for electric trams is far in excess of the demand everywhere. For a position in the Cotton City you cannot do better than write to the secretary, Manchester Corporation Tramways, Manchester. For the West London Tramways to the secretary, West London Tramways, Ltd., High Road, Chiswick, London, W. I wish you every success.

INQUIRER.—According to an American paper, a physician advises drinking plenty of coffee when sickness is around you, for coffee is a good preventive of typhoid fever and cholera. This fact has been proved. Germs of cholera and typhoid have been thrown into coffee, and the drink has not once failed to kill the germs within an hour. Coffee grounds are excellent for removing from the hands stains and marks left by fruit and vegetable paring. Use the grounds like soap.

A. POMERY.—The simplest way to get rid of spiders in your house is first to procure from the chemist 1lb. powdered borax. Empty this into a dredger and sprinkle well where the spiders' webs are. Do this several times until the spiders drop down. This is sure to kill spiders and other insects. Or you might try this: Saturate a piece of cotton-wool in oil of pennyroyal and place in their haunts. This will rid a house of spiders, black-clocks, and all kinds of insects. Another way is to hang a bunch of wormwood where the spiders are.

LANITE.—Yes, it is quite true that managers have great difficulty in finding new subjects for pantomime. This Christmas "Cinderella" and "The Forty Thieves" are the two most popular stories. "Cinderella" has the distinction, indeed, of providing a subject for three West End theatres—Drury Lane, the Empire, where it is the subject of a ballet, and the Great Queen Street Theatre, where the story will be told in German. In addition, "Cinderella" will be seen at the Coronet Theatre, at the Brixton Theatre, and the Borough Theatre, Stratford. "The Forty Thieves" will also be played at six theatres, which include the Marlborough, the Alexandra, and the Shakespeare, Clapham Junction. "Dick Whittington" will listen to the famous bells at the Crystal Palace, at Kennington, at the King's, Hammersmith, and the Crown, Peckham, and "Little Red Riding Hood" will face her awesome adventures with her usual courage at Crouch End, at Fulham, and at the West London Theatre in the Edgware Road. "Robinson Crusoe" has been chosen by two London theatres, and "Sinbad the Sailor" by two; while "Puss in Boots," "Babes in the Wood," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Goody Two Shoes," and "Beauty and the Beast" are used once each.

## WHY IS GENERAL OFFICE WORK DEMORALISING?

One of our faithful readers (says the *New York Journal*) sends in this question:

"Why is it said that general office work, if long continued, is demoralising to a man?

"Young men engaged as cashiers, bookkeepers, and credit men work their way up and get good pay. Please tell us why the general office workers get demoralised."

The writer of the above question signs himself "Ambitious" for purposes of publication.

That signature suggests the answer to his question.

General office work—that is to say, the sort of work which requires a man to do whatever he is told, here and there, without any fixed occupation—does demoralise some men.

It demoralises them, because they are not ambitious.

For the right kind of a man general office work ought to be the stepping-stone to success—if the office offers any possibilities of success. If the office does not offer any such possibilities, the quicker a worker gets out of it the better.

The duty of a faithful employee is to work hard for the man that pays him.

And the duty of the employer is to give the ambitious worker a chance to rise.

The man engaged in one particular kind of work is apt to forge ahead—even if very slowly—because circumstances compel him to concentrate his attention.

He must think of one thing all the time; he develops a speciality, and he succeeds.

The general worker is not compelled to concentrate his mind and his energies on any one particular thing.

He has the opportunity to become shiftless and careless if he pleases.

If he lacks ambition he is very apt to drift into a dull routine, a sort of a rut, and to become what our friend calls "demoralised."

There are many men trudging along as handy men in various offices, stores, etc.

Some of them get downhearted, and feel that there is not a chance.

We are glad that the letter we quote gives us a reason for speaking to these discouraged or demoralised men.

It is never too late to get back your moral tone. It is never too late for ambition to be aroused in you.

If the "general office man" will make up his mind to be a specialist as well as a general man he will get along.

If he makes up his mind to do one or two things particularly well and with a particular display of energy, he will get along.

It is absolutely the fact that even the dullest employer appreciates the man that gives him money in the shape of good work.

And it is a fact that employers need good, hard, faithful workers much more than the workers need good employers.

It may take some time to attract the attention of a busy employer

An effort to do something particularly well may even be resented by a dull man as officiousness at first

But the man who wants to succeed must succeed in spite of lack of appreciation, in spite of everything.

Work as a general utility clerk is dangerous, because such work does not compel a man to keep at one thing, as we have said.

There is speed to the stream with narrow banks—it loses its speed when the banks widen and the water spreads out all over the meadow.

The ordinary general office man is such a spreading stream, with little power, little motion, little energy.

He must dig for himself his own banks, his own water-course, he must control his direction, concentrate his power, make up his mind not to be demoralised, and he won't be demoralised.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross.—THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3, 6, and 9 p.m. "THE CHARIOTEERS," London's latest sensation, at 3 and 9 p.m. performances. "CINDERELLA," "Spring Magic," etc., at 6 p.m. performance only. Prices, 6d. to 2 Guineas.

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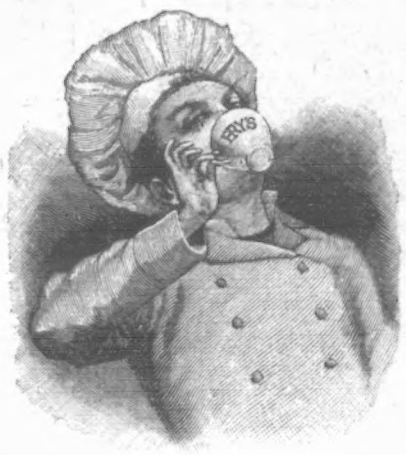


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PILES.—A Certain Cure for Piles.—Remotora, a herbal extract acting through the blood; it never fails; bottles, post free, 1s. and 2s. Fowden, Dept. 4, Chemist, Altrincham.

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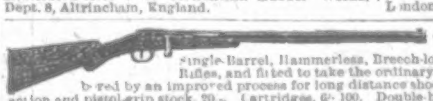

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